

MERRY ENGLAND.

JUNE, 1889.

The Error of the Extreme Realists.

WHETHER or not for ultimate good, certainly for much immediate evil, the gospel preached by M. Zola has become an influence among many novelists. As we understand his gospel in its relation to morals, it is this—that the novelistic art, in order to be a complete art, must pitilessly delineate the evil, no less than the good, in man's nature ; that the Pompeii of human life, mounded under the scoriac conventions accumulating from a traditional and consentaneous suppression of facts, must be (in Thackeray's words) "laid bare from the forum to the lupanar." From the temple downward, all the edifices in this mighty ruin of humanity must be described with impartial minuteness. Now if we admitted the truth of this evangel (which we do *not*), it would still not justify Zola's own

practice. For the charge against *him* is not that he describes the lupanar with the same precision as the temple, but that he gives us exceedingly little of the temple and far too much of the lupanar. We may therefore make M. Zola the Jonah of his own vessel, and see if it will float the better for the lightening.

The attention which it would be waste of time to bestow on Zola himself, it may not be so unprofitable to bestow on his theory. For it would seem that there are a certain number of writers, both here and in America, who are strongly attracted by his theory, yet—according to their lights—are earnest enough in disclaiming any wish to outrage delicacy. They are, as we think, in genuine trouble about their artistic souls. They are filled with indignant scorn for the ordinary English novel of the present day, for what they consider its complacently dishonest blinking of facts, and turn to the Zolaistic gospel as a relief. Nor can anyone who is really acquainted with the average conditions of modern English life fail to see that these men are not destitute of a certain reason. It is impossible to read many of the rose-coloured productions which pass as portraiture of existence, and then lift one's eyes to the grim reality which welters all round us, without feeling that the novels in question are about as much like the existence which they profess to portray as wax is like flesh. It is therefore very much in accordance with human nature if the writers to whom we have referred fly from a convention which, they feel, is both insincere and unduly restrictive of the novelist's art, to a theory which presents the opposite extreme of no limit at all. In their error they are greatly assisted by the blurred outlines of Protestant ethics—outlines so blurred that it is necessary to judge a Protestant writer's intentions by an altogether different standard from that applicable to a Catholic. We remember the publication, a few years ago, of an English novel which was strongly and deservedly censured by the Catholic (and largely also by the Protestant) press; but with perhaps more questionable justice the censure was un-

sparingly extended to the writer. He had certainly gone as near the method of some French novelists as an English publisher would be likely to tolerate. Yet it appeared to us not impossible that he had, as he claimed, been actuated by a good intention; that he had started with a genuine ethical purpose, but had foundered in the execution between the Scylla of a moral code lacking definition and the Charybdis of "artistic completeness." We mention this as an example of the difficulty which Protestant writers often appear to find. The limits of the novelist in this matter are nevertheless clear enough, with the aid of a little conscience on the part of the author and a little charity on the part of the critic. There is no reason whatsoever why the novelist should blink the existence of widespread evil. He may portray it, provided he portray it *as* evil, up to a certain bound. Of course a writer who does this cannot write *virginibus puerisque*. But we think that a novelist has a perfect right to elect such a course; nor is he responsible if, through the laxity of guardians or the unscrupulousness of the young themselves, his book fall into hands for which it was never intended. Of course, also, the rule (as we have virtually admitted) is not absolutely precise. We are not all alike in temperament; and what is innocent to the majority may be offensive to the individual conscience. With this the novelist has nothing to do. His practical duty is to pen nothing which if it came to him from another would arouse his own passions. The individual who may nevertheless find the book a stumbling-block has a ready remedy. He can lay it down. But the author *must* be conscientious in this self-judgment, and lean rather, if need be, to restriction than laxity. Given conscience and a pure mind, however, the application of the rule should be a clear enough matter to any writer; and within its limit he has a field wide enough for every requirement of true art. In this connexion, the case of the critic asks consideration. How is *he* to know whether, firstly, the effect of a book on *his* mind correctly represent its effect on the

minds of most readers ; or whether, secondly, its effect on the minds of most readers correctly represent its effect on the mind of the author ? The answer is that, in a limited number of nevertheless quite possible cases, he cannot certainly know either one or the other. He must, like the author, act conscientiously on his own impressions. If he entertain any doubt as to the representative nature of those impressions, he may content himself with a warning that the work is not for all readers ; and if, though he condemns the book, he hesitate to condemn its writer, let him, where malice is not clear, incline to the side of charity. If, finally, he honestly pronounce an undeserved censure, little harm will be done. The general sense of criticism will rectify his individual injustice. We say "will," who ought rather to have said "would ;" "would," were such charitable rectitude general among critics. Unfortunately, in respect of these matters no less than in respect of literary merit, wanton judgments are frequent, to the deepening of the prevalent ethical confusion. It may be urged that a genuinely evil writer can shelter himself behind the pretence that his work was void of offence to his own conscience. Indubitably : he always can and he always has done. Formerly the subterfuge was seen and scorned of all men. Now, however, the narrow-minded recklessness of censure to which we have referred enables such men's plea to secure credence and sympathy in dangerous measure, through the identification of their cause with that of true sufferers from unmerited obloquy. It has become miserably possible for them to say, "The critics who condemn me are the same critics who condemned X. and Y. ; I am not ashamed to suffer in their company : " X. and Y. being well known of many as honourable and earnest writers sacrificed to that wretched counterfeit of morality, that bastard of British Virtue, which goes by the name of Propriety. We have no reason, however, to recede from our position because, *e.g.*, Mr. Swinburne in earlier days profited by the attack which confounded, in one indiscriminate onslaught, his own

worst work with the work—so diametrically opposite in teaching and tendency—of Rossetti. Scripture is none the less true because the devil can quote it for his purpose.

But there may be, nay are, writers who—without wishing to contravene delicacy for the sake of such contravention—nevertheless, considering themselves, in their own phrase, “artists before everything,” hold that when morality antagonises art morality must stand aside. Even to them we will leave no excuse. In guiding themselves rigidly by morality they will best advance the ends of art. If there be any apparent conflict between the two, let such writers rest assured that the fault lies, not in morality, but in their own mistaken views of art. Morality never did nor can conflict with art. Take an analogy which may render the matter clearer. If a novelist conduct his hero on a first sea-voyage, it is according to nature that all but very heroic heroes indeed should be sea-sick; and the novelist may therefore, if he choose, comply with nature. But will he, for one moment, dream of describing in its unsavoury detail the progress of the *mal de mer*? And why not? Because it would be disgusting; and his artistic sense warns him to avoid what is disgusting. For precisely parallel reasons must he avoid description calculated to inflame the passions. It is necessary for art to eschew the sensual no less than the disgusting. This constitutes no incompleteness in art, but on the contrary a most artistic incompleteness. For art resides, not in undiscerning comprehensiveness, but in discerning selection. Hence, in order to condemn the methods of the ultra-realists there is no need to invoke morality. They stand doubly condemned, condemned by morality and condemned by art. Zolaism is not artistic completeness: it is artistic excess. “Nature,” says Sir Thomas Browne, in a memorable passage, “is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; . . . for nature is the art of God.” Substitute for “nature” “morality,” and the saying still holds true. For morality is God’s spiritual, as nature is His visual art; and

it is necessary to consult morality in delineating the intellectual no less than nature in delineating the external aspects of being, the one in the portrayal of human conduct, as the other in the portrayal of physical beauty.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

Sub Rosa.

MY rose, all rose and rare,
Hangs by a single hair,
And sways in every breeze,
As once o'er Damocles
The sword swung in the air.

Like a clear crimson star,
It throbs so near and far.
My rose that hangs so high,
My hands, my heart, and I
Weary of waiting are.

My rose o' the world, if I
Might hold you ere I die,
I should forget to grieve,
I should begin to live!
The years go quietly.

No wind of summer blows
Into my breast, my rose.
What if the wind that sighs
When youth with summer dies
Should loose it as it goes?

KATHARINE TYNAN.

Daybreak.

CHAPTER III.

CHEZ LUI.

MISS HAMILTON did not go down to dinner the first day ; but, when she heard Mr. Granger come in, sent a line to him excusing herself till evening, on the plea that she needed rest. The truth was, however, that she shrank from first meeting the family at table, a place which allows so little escape from embarrassment.

Her door had been left ajar ; and in a few minutes she heard a silken rustling on the stairs, then a faint tap ; and at her summons there entered a small, lily-faced woman who looked like something that might have grown out of the pallid March evening. The silver-grey of her trailing dress, the uncertain tints of her hair, deepening from flaxen to pale brown, even the cobwebby Mechlin laces she wore, so thin as to have no colour of their own—all were like light, cool shadows. This lady entered with a dainty timidity which by no means excluded the most perfect self-possession, but rather indicated an extreme solicitude for the person she visited.

“Do I intrude ?” she asked, in a soft, hesitating way. “Mr. Granger thought I might come up. We feared that you were ill.”

Margaret was annoyed to feel herself blushing. There was something keen in this lady’s beautiful violet eyes, underneath their superficial expression of anxious kindness.

"I am not ill, only tired," she replied. "I meant to go down awhile after dinner."

"I am Mrs. Lewis," the stranger announced, seating herself by the bedside. "My husband and I, and my husband's niece, Aurelia Lewis, live here. We don't call it boarding, you know. I hope that you will like us."

This wish was expressed in a manner so *naïve* and earnest that Margaret could but smile in making answer that she was quite prepared to be pleased with everything, and that her only fear was lest she might disturb the harmony of their circle—not by being disagreeable in herself, but simply in being one more.

With a gesture at once graceful and kind, Mrs. Lewis touched Margaret's hand with her slight, chilly fingers. "You are the one more whom we want," she said; "we have been rejoicing over the prospect of having you with us. You do not break, you complete, the circle."

Her quick ear had caught a lingering tone of pain; and she had already found something pathetic in that thin face and those languid eyes. Miss Hamilton did not appear to be a person likely to disturb the empire which this lady prided herself on exercising over their household.

"I know very little about the family," Margaret remarked. "Mr. Granger mentioned some names. I am not sure if they were all. And men never think of the many trifles we like to be told."

Her visitor sighed resignedly. "Certainly not—the sublime creatures! It is the difference between fresco and miniature, you know. Let me enlighten you a little. Besides those of us whom you have seen, there are only Mr. Southard, my husband, and Aurelia. We consider ourselves a very happy family. Of course, being human, we have occasional jars; but there is always the understanding that our real friendship is unimpaired by them. And we defend each other like Trojans from any out-

side attack. We try to manage so as to have but one angry at a time, the others acting as peacemakers. The only one who may trouble you is my husband. I am anxious concerning him and you."

With her head a little on one side, the lady contemplated her companion with a look of pretty distress.

"Forewarned is forearmed," suggested Miss Hamilton.

"Why, you see," her visitor said, confidentially, "Mr. Lewis is one of those provoking beings who take a mischievous delight in misrepresenting themselves, not for the better, but the worse. If they see a person leaning very much in one way, they are sure to lean very much the other way. Mr. Southard calls my husband an infidel, whatever that is. There certainly are a great many things which he does not believe. But one-half of his scepticism is a mere pretence to tease the minister. I hope you won't be vexed with him: you won't when you come to know him. Sometimes I don't altogether blame him. Of course, we all admire Mr. Southard in the most fatiguing manner; but it cannot be denied that he does interpret and perform his duties in the pre-Raphaelite style, with a pitiless adherence to chapter and verse. Still, I often think that much of his apparent severity may be in those chiselled features of his. One is occasionally surprised by some sign of indulgence in him, some touch of grace or tenderness. But even while you look, the charm, without disappearing, freezes before your eyes, like spray in winter. I don't know just what to think of him; but I suspect that he has missed his vocation, that he was made for a monk or a Jesuit. It would never do to breathe such a thought to him, though. He thinks that the Pope is Antichrist."

"And isn't he?" calmly asked the grand-daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hamilton.

Mrs. Lewis put up her hand to refasten a bunch of honey-sweet tuberoses that were slipping from her neck, and by

the gesture concealed a momentary amused twinkle of her eyes.

"Oh! I dare say!" she replied, lightly. "But such a dear, benignant old antichrist as he is! Ages ago, when we were in Rome, I was in the crowd before St. Peter's when the Pope gave the Easter benediction. Involuntarily I knelt with the rest; and really, Miss Hamilton, that seemed to me the only benediction I ever received. I did not understand my own emotion. It was quite unexpected. Perhaps it was something in that intoxicating atmosphere which is only half air, the other half is soul."

Margaret was silent. She had no wish to express any displeasure; but she was shocked to hear the mystical Babylon spoken of with toleration, and that by a descendant of the Puritans.

Mrs. Lewis sat a moment with downcast eyes, aware of, and quietly submitting to, the scrutiny of the other—by no means afraid of it, quite confident, probably, that the result would be agreeable.

This lady was about forty years of age, delicate rather than beautiful, with a frosty sparkle about her. Her manner was gentleness itself; but one soon perceived something fine and sharp beneath; a blue arrowy glance that carried home a phrase otherwise light as a feather, a slight emphasis that made the more obvious meaning of a word glance aside, an unnecessary suavity of expression that led to suspicion of some pungent hidden meaning. But with all her airy malice there was much of genuine honesty and kind feeling. She was like a faceted gem, showing her little glittering shield at every turn; but still a gem.

"Aurelia is quite impatient to welcome you," she resumed, softly. "You cannot fail to like her, when you happen to think of it. She is sweet and beautiful all through."

"Now I will leave you to take your rest, and read the note of which Mr. Granger made me the bearer. I hope to see you this evening."

Margaret looked after the little lady as she glided away, glancing back from the door with a friendly smile and nod, then disappeared, soundless save for the rustling of her dress. She listened to that faint silken whisper on the stairs, then to the soft shutting of the drawing-room door, two pushes before it latched. Then she read her note. It was but a line. "Rest as long as you wish to ; but when you are able to come down, we all want to see you."

She went down to the drawing-room after dinner, and found the whole family there. There was yet so much of daylight that one gentleman, sitting in a western window, was reading the evening paper by it ; but the stream of light that came in from some room at the end of the long *suite* made a red-golden path across the darkened back drawing-room, and caught brightly here and there on the carving of a picture, a curve of bronze or marble, or the gilding of a book-cover, and glimmered unsteadily over a winged Mercury that leaned out of the vague dusk and sparkle, tiptoe, at point of flight.

Mr. Granger stood near the door by which Margaret entered, evidently on the watch for her ; and at sight of him that slight nervous embarrassment inseparable from her circumstances, and from the unstrung condition of her mind and body, instantly died away. To her he was strength, courage, and protection. Shielded by his friendship, she feared nothing.

Mrs. Lewis and Dora met her like old friends ; that florid gentleman with English side-whiskers she guessed to be Mr. Lewis ; and she recognised that fine profile clear against the opaline west.

Mr. Southard came forward at once, scarcely waiting for an introduction.

"A grand-daughter of the Rev. Dr. Hamilton?" he said, with emphasis. "I am happy to see you."

Miss Hamilton received tranquilly his cordial salutation, and mentally consigned it to the manes of her grandfather.

Mr. Lewis got up out of his armchair, and bowed lowly. "Madam," he said, with great deliberation, "I do not in the least care who your grandfather was. I am glad to see *you*."

"Thank you!" said Margaret.

The gentleman settled rather heavily into his chair again. He was one of those who would rather sit than stand. Margaret turned to meet his niece, who was offering her hand, and murmuring some word of welcome. She looked at Aurelia Lewis with delight, perceiving then what Mrs. Lewis had meant in saying that her husband's niece was sweet and beautiful all through. The girl radiated loveliness. She was a blonde, with deep ambers and browns in her hair and eyes, looking like some translucent creature shone through by rich sunset lights too soft for brilliancy. If the looks and manners of Mrs. Lewis were faceted, those of her husband's niece were what jewellers call *en cabochon*. What Aurelia said was nothing. She was not a reportable person. What she *was* was delicious.

"I remember Dr. Hamilton very well," Mr. Lewis said when the ladies had finished their compliments. "He was one of those men who make religion respectable. He held some pretty hard doctrines; but he believed every one of 'em, and held 'em with a grip. The last time I saw him was seven or eight years ago, just before his death. They had up their everlasting petition before the Legislature here, for the abolition of capital punishment; and a committee was appointed to attend to the matter. I went up to one of their hearings. There were Phillips, Pierpont, Andrew, Spear, and a lot of other smooth-tongued, soft-hearted fellows, who didn't want the poor, dear murderers to be hanged; and on the other side were Dr. Hamilton with his eyes and his cane, common sense, Moses, and the Decalogue. They had rather a rough time of it. Andrew called your grandfather an old fogey, over someone else's shoulders; and Phillips tilted over Moses, tables and all, with that sharp lance of his. But Dr. Hamilton stood there as firm as

a rock, and beat them all out. He had the glance of an eagle, and a way of swinging his arm about when he was in earnest, that looked as if it wouldn't take much provocation to make him hit straight out. Phillips said something that he didn't like, and the Doctor stamped at him. Well, the upshot of the matter was, that capital punishment was not abolished that year, thanks to one tough, intrepid old man."

"My grandfather was very resolute," said Margaret, with a slight, proud smile.

"Yes," answered Mr. Lewis, "he would have made a prime soldier, if he hadn't made the mistake of being a doctor of divinity."

"The Church needed his authoritative speech," said Mr. Southard, with decision. "To the minister of God belongs the voice of denunciation as well as the voice of prayer."

Mr. Lewis gave his moustache an impatient twitch.

Mr. Granger seized the first opportunity to speak aside to Margaret. "You like these people? You are contented?" he asked, hastily.

"Yes, and yes," she replied.

"You think that you will feel at home when you have become better acquainted with them?" he pursued.

"It seems to me that I have always lived here," she answered, smiling. "There is not the least strangeness. Indeed, surprising things, if they are pleasant, never surprise me. I am always expecting miracles. It is only painful or trivial events which find me incredulous and ill at ease."

The chandeliers were lighted, and the windows closed; but, according to their pleasant occasional custom, the curtains were not drawn for awhile yet. If any persons in the street took pleasure in seeing this family gathering, they were welcome.

Mrs. Lewis broke a few sprays from a musk-vine over-starred with yellow blossoms, and twined them into a wreath as she slowly approached the two who were standing near a bookcase.

"*Vive le roi!*" she said, lifting the wreath to the marble brows of a Shakespeare that stood on the lower shelf.

Margaret glanced along a row of blue and brown covers, and exclaimed, "My Brownings! all hail! there they are!"

"You also!" said Mrs. Lewis, with a grimace. "Own, now, that they jolt horribly—that the Browning Pegasus is a racker, and that the Browning road up Parnassus is macadamised with—well, diamonds, if you will, but diamonds in the rough. True, the hoofs do make dents; they do dash over the ground with a four-footed trampling; but——" a shrug and a shiver completed the sentence.

"Mrs. Browning needs a lapidary," Mr. Granger said; "but her husband's style is a necessity. His books are books of quintessences. At first I thought him suggestive; but soon perceived that he was stimulating instead. He seems to have brushed a subject. Look again, and you will see that he has exhausted it."

Margaret read the titles of the books, and in them read, also, something of the minds of her new associates. There were a few shining names from each of the great nations, and a good selection of English and American authors, the patriarchs in their places. She had a word for each, but thought, "I wonder why I like Lowell, almost in silence, yet like him best."

Near this was another case of books, all Oriental, or relating to the Orient. There were the Talmud and the Koran; there were hideous mythologies full of propitiatory prayers to the devil. There were "Vathek," "The Arabian Nights," "Ferdousi," and a hundred others. Over this case hung an oval water-colour of sea and sky, with a rising sun blazing at the horizon, lighting with flickering gold a path across the blue, liquid expanse, and flooding with light the ethereal spaces. On a scroll beneath this was inscribed, "Ex Oriente Lux."

"Light and hasheesh," said Mr. Southard, laughingly. "Don't linger there too long."

Mr. Granger called Dora to him.

"What has my little girl been learning to-day?" he asked.

The little one's eyes flashed with a sudden, glorious recollection. "O Papa! I can spell cup."

The father was suitably astonished.

"Is it possible? Let me hear."

The child raised her eyebrows, and played the coquette with her erudition. "You spell it," she said, tauntingly.

Mr. Granger leaned back in his chair, and knitted his brows in intense study. "T-a-s-s-e, cup."

"No-o, Papa," said the fairy at his knee.

"T-a-z-z-a, cup!" he essayed again.

Dora shook her flossy curls.

"T-a-z-a, cup!" he said, desperately.

The child looked at him with tears in her eyes.

"Oh!" he said, "c-u-p, cup!" at which she screamed with delight.

"How blue it sounds," said Margaret. "Like a Canterbury bell with a handle to it."

A tray was brought in with coffee, which was Dora's signal to go to bed. She took an affectionate leave of all, but hid her face in Margaret's neck in saying good-night.

"Who was the little girl in the picture?" she whispered.

"It was you, dear," was the reply.

"I kepted thinking of it this ever so long," said the child.

Her father always accompanied her to the foot of the stairs; and the two went out together, Dora clinging to his hand, which she held against her cheek, and he looking down upon her with a fond smile.

Margaret shrank with a momentary spasm of pain and terror, as she looked after them. How fearful is that clinging love which human beings have for each other! how terrible, since, sooner or later, they must part; since, at any instant, the hand of fate may be outstretched to snatch them asunder!

"Are you ill?" whispered Aurelia, touching her arm.

Margaret started, and recollected herself with an effort; then smiled without an effort; for the door opened, and Mr. Granger came in again, glancing first at her, then coming to sit near her.

"I have found out the origin of coffee," Mrs. Lewis said. "It is, or is capable of being, a Mohammedan legend. I will tell you. When Mother Eve, to whom be peace! fell, after her sin, from the seventh heaven, and was precipitated to earth, as she slipped over the verge of Paradise, she instinctively flung out her arm, and caught at a shrub with milk-white blossoms that grew there. It broke in her hand. She fell into Arabia, near Mocha. The branch that fell with her took root and grew, and had blossoms with five petals, as white as the beautiful mother's five fingers. And that's the history of coffee. Aura, give me a cup without delay. That story was salt."

"Why should we not have sentiments with so wonderful a draught?" Mr. Granger said. "Propose anything. Shall I begin? I have been reading the European news. Victor Emmanuel is dawning like a sun over Italy. I propose Rome, the dead lion, with honey for Samson."

Mr. Lewis pushed out his under lip. He always scouted at Republicans, red or black.

"I follow you," he said immediately, with a sly glance at Mr. Southard. "Rome, the rock that does not crack, though all the bores blast it."

There was a momentary pause, during which the eyes of the minister scintillated. Then he exclaimed: "Luther, the Moses at the stroke of whose rod the rock was rent, and the Gospel waters loosed."

"Ah! Luther!" endorsed Mr. Lewis, with an affectation of enthusiasm. "Greater than Nimrod, he built a Babel which babbles to the ends of the earth."

Mr. Southard flashed out, "Yes; and every tongue can spell the word Bible, Sir!"

"And deny its plainest teachings," was the retort; "and vilify the hand that preserved it!"

"Now, Charles," interposed Mrs. Lewis, touching her husband's arm, "why will you say what you do not mean, just for the sake of being disagreeable? You know, Mr. Southard, that he cares no more for Rome than he does for Pekin, and knows no more about it, indeed. The fact is, he has the greatest respect for our Church—may I say *militant*?"

"Sweet peacemaker!" exclaimed Mr. Lewis, delighted with the neat little sting at the end of his wife's speech.

Aurelia lifted her cup, and interposed with a laughing quotation:

"'Here's a health to all those that we love. Here's a health to all them that love us. Here's a health to all those that love them that love those that love them that love those that love us.'"

This was drunk with acclamations, and peace restored.

After a while Mr. Lewis managed, or happened, to find Margaret apart.

"I protest I never had a worse opinion of myself than I have to-night," he said. "There I had promised Louis and my wife to let religion alone, and not get up a skirmish with the minister for at least a week after you came; and I meant to keep my promise. But you see what my resolutions are worth. I am sincerely sorry if I have vexed you."

He looked so sorry, and spoke so frankly, that Margaret could not help giving him a pleasant answer, though she had been displeased.

"The fact is," he went on, lowering his voice, "I have seen so much cant, and hypocrisy, and inconsistency in religion that it has disgusted me with the whole business. I may go too far. I don't doubt that there are honest men and women in the Churches; but to my mind they are few and far between. I've nothing to say against Mr. Southard, and I don't want anyone else to speak against him. I say uglier things to his face than I would say

behind his back. He's a good man, according to his light ; but you must permit me to say that it is a Bengal light to my eyes. I can't stand it. It turns me blue all through."

"Perhaps you do not understand him," Margaret suggested. "Maybe you haven't given him a chance to explain."

"I tried to be fair," was the reply. "'Now, Southard,' said I, 'tell me what you want me to believe, and I'll believe if I can.' Well, the first thing he told me was, that I must give up my reason. 'By George, I won't!' said I, and there was an end to the catechism. Of course, if I set my reason aside, I might be made to believe that chalk is cheese. Perhaps I am stubborn and material, as he says ; but I am what God made me, and I won't pretend to be anything else. I believe that there is somewhere a way for us all—a way that we shall know is right when once we get into it. These fishers of men ought to remember that whales are not caught with trout-hooks, and that it isn't the whale's fault if there's a good deal of blubber to get through before you reach the inside of him. St. Paul let fly some pretty sharp harpoons. I can't get 'em out of me for my life. And, for another kind of man, I like Beecher. His bait isn't painted flies, but fish, a piece of yourself. But the trouble with him is, there's no barb on his catch. You slip off as easily as you get on."

Margaret was glad when the others interposed and put an end to this talk. To her surprise, she had nothing to reply to Mr. Lewis's objections. And not only that, but, while he spoke, she perceived in her own mind a faint echo to his dissatisfaction. Of course, it must be wrong, and she was glad to have the conversation put an end to.

They had music, Aurelia playing with a good deal of taste some perfectly harmless pieces. While she listened, Miss Hamilton's glance wandered about the rooms, finding them quite to her taste. The first impertinent gloss of everything had worn off, and each article had mellowed into its place, like the

colours of an old picture. There was none of that look we sometimes see, of everything having been dipped into the same paint-pot. The furniture was rich in material and beautiful in shape; the upholstery a heavy silk and wool, the colours deep and harmonious, nothing too fine for use. The dull amber of the walls was nearly covered with pictures, bookcases, cabinets, and brackets; there was every sort of table, from the two large central ones with black marble tops, piled with late books and periodicals, to the tiny teapots that could be lifted on a finger, marvels of gold, and japanning, and ingenious Chinese perspective. On the black marble mantelpiece near her were a pair of silver candelabra, heirlooms in the family, and china vases of glowing colours, purple, and rose, and gold. There was more bronze than Parian; there were curtains wherever curtains could be; and withal, there was plentiful space to get about, and for the ladies to display their trains.

All this her first glance took in with a sense of pleasure. Then she looked deeper, and perceived friendship, ease, security, all that make the soul of home. Deeper yet, then, to the vague longing for a love, a security, a rest exceeding the earthly. One who has suffered much can never again feel quite secure, but shrinks from delight almost as much as from pain.

She turned to Mr. Southard, who sat beside her. "I am thinking how miserably we are the creatures of circumstance," she said, in her earnestness forgetting how abrupt she might seem. "When we are troubled, everything is dark; when we are happy, everything that approaches casts its shadow behind, and shows a sunny front."

He regarded her kindly, pleased with her almost confidential manner. "There is but one escape from such slavery," he said. "When we set the sun of righteousness in the zenith of our lives, then shadows are annihilated; not hidden, but annihilated."

When Margaret went upstairs that night, she knelt before her open window, and leaned out, feeling, rather than seeing, the

brooding, starless sky, soft and shadowy, like wings over a nest. Her soul uplifted itself blindly, almost painfully, beating against its ignorance. There was something out of sight and reach, which she wanted to see and to touch. There was one hidden whom she longed to thank and adore.

"O brooding wings!" she whispered, stretching out her hands. "O father and mother-bird over the nest where the little ones lie in the sweet, sweet dark!"

Words failed. She knew not what to say. "I wish that I could pray!" she thought, tears overflowing her eyes.

Margaret did not know that she had prayed.

CHAPTER IV.

JUST BEFORE LIGHT.

THE days were well arranged in the Granger mansion, Breakfast was a movable feast, and silent for the most part, The members of the family broke their fast when and as they liked, often with a book or paper for company.

Most persons 'feel disinclined to talk in the morning, and are social only from necessity. This household recognised and respected the instinct. One could always hold one's tongue there. If they did not follow the old Persian rule, never to speak till one had something to say worth hearing, they at least kept silence when they felt so inclined.

Luncheon was never honoured by the presence of the gentlemen, except that on rare occasions Mr. Southard came out of his study to join the ladies, who by this time had found their tongues. They preferred his usual custom of taking a scholarly cup of tea in the midst of his books.

To the natural woman an occasional gossip is a necessity ; and if ever these three ladies indulged in that pardonable weakness it was over their luncheon. At six o'clock all met at dinner, and

passed the evening together. This disposition of time left the greater part of the day free, for all to spend as they chose, and brought them together again at the close of the day, more or less tired, always glad to meet, often with something to say.

Margaret found herself fully and pleasantly occupied. Besides translating, she had again set up her easel, and spent an hour or two daily at her former pretty employment. The value of her services increased, she found, in proportion as she grew indifferent to rendering them; and she could now select her own work, and dictate terms. But her most delightful occupation was the teaching her three little pupils.

There are two ways of teaching children. One is to seek to impose on them our own individuality, to dogmatise, in utter unconsciousness that they are the most merciless of critics, frequently the keenest of observers, and that they lack not so much ideas, as the power of expression. Such teachers climb on to a pedestal, and talk complacently downward at pupils who, perhaps, do not in the least consider them classical personages. We cannot impose on children unless we can dazzle them, sometimes not even then.

The other mode is to stand on their own platform, and talk not logically, according to Kant or Hamilton, but in that circuitous and inconsequent manner which is often the most effectual logic with children. We all know that the greatest precision of aim is attained through a spiral bore; and perhaps these young minds oftener reach the mark in that indirect manner, than they would by any more formal process.

This was Miss Hamilton's mode of teaching and influencing children, and it was as fascinating to her as to them. She treated them with respect, never laughed at their crude ideas, did not require of them a self-control difficult for an adult to practise, and never forgot that some ugly duck might turn out to be a swan. But where she did assert authority, she was absolute; and she was merciless to insolence and disobedience.

"I want cake. I don't like bread and butter," says Dora.

Mrs. James fired didactic platitudes at the child, Aurelia coaxed, and Mrs. Lewis preached hygiene. Miss Hamilton knew better than either. She sketched a bright word-picture of waving wheat-fields over-buzzed by bees, over-fluttered by birds, starred through and through with little intrusive flowers that had no business whatever there, but were let stay; of the shaking mill where the wheat was ground, and the gay stream that laughed, and set its shining shoulder to the great wheel, and pushed, and ran away, blind with foam; of the yeasty sponge, a pile of milky bubbles. She told of sweet clover-heads, red and white, and the cow and the bees seeing who should get them first. "I want them for my honey," says the bee. "And I want them for my cream," says Mooly. And they both made a snatch, and Mooly got the clover, and perhaps a purple violet with it, and the cream got the sweetness of them, and then it was churned, and there was the butter! She described the clean, cool dairy, full of a ceaseless flicker of light and shade from the hop-vines that swung outside the window, and waved the humming-birds away, of pans and pans of yellow cream, smooth and delicious, of fresh butter just out of the churn, glowing like gold through its bath of water, of pink-and-white petals of apple blossoms drifting in on the soft breeze, and settling—"who knows but a pink, crimped-up-at-the-edges petal may have settled on this very piece of butter? Try, now, if it doesn't taste apple blossomy."

Nonsense, of course, when viewed from a dignified altitude; but when looked up at from a point about two feet from the ground, it was the most excellent sense imaginable. To these three little girls, Dora, Agnes, and Violet, Miss Hamilton was a goddess.

Margaret did not neglect her own mind in those happy days. Mr. Southard marked out for her a course of reading in which, it is true, poetry and fiction, with a few shining exceptions, were tabooed; but metaphysics was permitted; and history enjoined,

tome upon tome, striking octaves up the centuries, and dying away in tinkling mythologies. She read conscientiously, sometimes with pleasure, sometimes with a half-acknowledged weariness.

Mr. Southard was a severe Mentor. As he did not spare himself, so he did not spare others, still less Margaret. She failed to perceive, what was plain to the others, that, by virtue of her descent, he considered her his especial charge, and was trying to form her after his notions. She acquiesced in all his requirements, half from indifference, half from a desire to please everybody, since she was herself so well pleased ; and then forgot all about him. It was out of his power to trouble her save for a moment.

"You yield too much to that man," Mrs. Lewis said to her one day. "He is one of those positive persons who cannot help being tyrannical."

"He has a fine mind," said Margaret, absently.

"Yes," the lady acknowledged, in a pettish tone. "But if he would send a few pulses up to irrigate his brain, it would be an improvement."

Of course Mr. Southard spoke of religion to his pupil, and urged on her the duty of being united with the Church.

"I cannot be religious, as the Church requires," she said uneasily, dreading lest he might overcome her will without convincing her reason. "I think that it is something cabalistic."

"Your grandfather, and your father and mother did not find it so," the minister said, reprovingly.

Margaret caught her breath with pain, and lifted her hand in a quick, silencing gesture. "I never bury my dead !" she said ; and after a moment added : "it may be wrong, but this religion seems to me like a strait-jacket. I like to read of David dancing before the ark, of dervishes whirling, of Shakers clapping their hands, of Methodists singing at the top of their voices 'Glory Hallelujah !' or falling into trances. Religion is not fervent

enough for me. It does not express my feelings. I hardly know what I need. Perhaps I am all wrong."

She stopped, her eyes filling with tears of vexation.

But even as the drops started, they brightened ; for, just in season, to save her from still more pressing exhortation, Mr. Granger sauntered across the room, and put some careless question to the minister.

Mr. Southard recollected that he had to lecture that evening, and left the room to prepare himself.

"I am so glad you came!" Margaret said. "I was on the point of being bound, and gagged, and blindfolded."

Mr. Granger took the chair that the minister had vacated, and drew up to him a little stand on which he leaned his arms. "I perceived that I was needed," he said. "There was no mistaking your besieged expression ; and I saw, too, that look in Mr. Southard's face which tells that he is about to pile up an insurmountable argument. I do not think that you will be any better for having religious discussions with him. You will only be fretted and uneasy. Mr. Southard is an excellent man, and a sincere Christian ; but he is in danger of mistaking his own temperament for a dogma."

"If I thought that, then I shouldn't mind so much," Margaret said. "But I have been taking for granted that he is right and I wrong, and trying to let him think for me. The result is, that instead of being convinced, I have only been irritated. I must think for myself, whether I wish to or not. Now he circumscribes my reading so. It is miscellaneous, I know ; but I am curious about everything in the universe. I don't like closed doors. He thinks my curiosity trivial and dangerous, and reminds me that a rolling stone gathers no moss."

"And I would ask, with the canny Scotchman, 'what good does the moss do the stone?'" Mr. Granger replied. "The fact is, you've got to do just as I did with him. He and I fought that battle out long ago, and now he lets me alone, and we are good

friends. Be as curious as you like. I heard him speak with disapproval of your going to the Jewish synagogue last week, and I dare say you resolved not to go again. Go, if you wish ; and don't ask his permission. He frowned on the Greek anthology, and you laid it aside. Take it up again if you like. Even pagan flowers catch the dews of heaven. Your own good taste and delicacy will be a sufficient censor in matters of reading."

"Now I breathe!" Margaret said joyfully. "Some people can bear to be so hemmed in ; but I cannot. It does me harm. If I am denied a drop of water, which, given, would satisfy me, at once I thirst for the ocean. I cannot help it. It is my way."

"Don't try to help it," Mr. Granger replied, decisively ; "or, above all, don't allow anyone else to try to help it for you. I have no patience with such impositions. It is an insult to humanity, and an insult to Him Who created humanity, for any one person to attempt to think for another. Obedience and humility are good only when they are voluntary, and are practised at the mandate of reason. There are people who never go out of a certain round, never want to. They are born, they live, and they die, in the mental and moral domicile of their forefathers. They have no orbit, but only an axis. Stick a precedent through them, and give them a twirl, and they will hum on contentedly to the end of the chapter. I've nothing against them, as long as they let others alone, and don't insist that to stay in one place and buzz is the end of humanity. Other people there are who grow, they are insatiably curious, they dive to the heart of things, they take nothing without a question. They are not quite satisfied with truth itself till they have compared it with all that claims to be truth. Let them look, I say. It's a poor truth that won't bear any test that man can put to it. The first are, as Coleridge says, 'very positive, but not quite certain' that they are right ; to the last a conviction once won is perfect and indestructible. Rest with them is not vegetation, but rapture.

"Fly abroad, my wild bird! don't be afraid. Use your wings. That is what they were made for."

Margaret forgot to answer in listening and looking at the speaker's animated face. When Mr. Granger was in earnest, he had an impetuous way that carried all before it. At the end, his shining eyes dropped on her and seemed to cover her with light; the impatient ring in his voice softened to an indulgent tenderness. Margaret felt as a flower may feel that has its fill of sun and dew, and has nothing to do but bloom, and then fade away. She had no fear of this man, no sense of humiliation with regard to the past. Her gratitude toward him was boundless. To him she owed life and all that made life tolerable, and any devotion which he could require of her she was ready to render. Her friendship was perfect, deep, frank, and full of a silent delight. She did not deify him, but was satisfied to find him human. He could speak a cross word if his beef was over-done, his coffee too weak, or his paper out of the way when he wanted it. He could criticise people occasionally, and laugh at their weakness, even when his kind heart reproached him for doing it. He liked to lounge on a sofa and read, when he had better be about his business. He needed rousing, she thought; was too much of a Sybarite to live in a world full of over-worked people. Perhaps he was rusting. But how kind and thoughtful he was; how full of sympathy when sympathy was needed; how generously he blamed himself when he was wrong, and how readily forgot the faults of others. How impossible it was for him to be mean or selfish! His rich, sweet, slow nature reminded her of a rose; but she felt intuitively that under that silence was hidden a heroic strength.

Mr. Southard's lecture was on the Jesuits; and all the family were to go and hear him.

"Terribly hot weather for such a subject," Mr. Lewis grumbled. "But it wouldn't be respectful not to go. Don't forget to take your smelling-salts, girls. There will be a strong odour of brimstone in the entertainment."

Margaret went to the lecture with a feeling that was almost fear. To her the name of Jesuit was a terror. The day of those powerful, guileful men was passed, surely ; and yet, what if, in the strange vicissitudes of life, they should revive again ? She was glad that the minister was going to raise his warning voice ; yet still, she dreaded to hear him. The subject was too exciting.

The lecture was what might be expected. Beginning with Ignatius of Loyola, the speaker traced the progress of that unique and powerful society through its wonderful increase, and its downfall, to the present time, when, as he said, the bruised serpent was again raising its head.

Mr. Southard did full justice to their learning, their sagacity, and their zeal. He told with a sort of shrinking admiration how men possessed of tastes and accomplishments which fitted them to shine in the most cultivated society, buried themselves in distant and heathen lands, far removed from all human sympathy, hardened their scholarly hands with toil, encountered danger, suffered death—for what ? That their society might prosper ! The subject seemed to have for the speaker a painful fascination. He lingered while describing the unparalleled devotion, the pernicious enthusiasm of these men. He acknowledged that they proclaimed the name of Christ where it had never been heard before ; he lamented that ministers of the Gospel had not emulated their heroism ; but there the picture was over-clouded, was veiled in blackness. It needed so much brightness in order that the darkness which followed might have its full effect.

We all know what pigments are used in that Plutonian shading — mental reservation, probableism, and the doctrine that the end justifies the means ; the latter a fiction, the two former scrupulously misrepresented.

Here Mr. Southard was at home. Here he could denounce with fiery indignation, point with lofty scorn. The close of the

lecture left the characters of the Jesuits as black as their robes. They had been lifted only to be cast down.

Miss Hamilton walked home with Mr. Granger, scarcely uttering a word the whole way.

"You do not speak of the lecture," he said when they were at the house steps. "Has it terrified you so much that you dare not? Shall you start up from sleep to-night fancying that a great black Jesuit has come to carry you off?"

"Do you know, Mr. Granger," she said slowly, "those men seem to me very much like the apostles; in their devotion, I mean? I would like to read about them. They are interesting."

"Oh! they have, doubtless, books which will tell you all you want to know," he replied.

"*They!*" repeated Margaret. "But I want to know the truth."

Mr. Granger laughed. "Then I advise you to read nothing, and hear nothing."

"How then shall I learn?" demanded Miss Hamilton, with a touch of impatience.

"Descend into the depth of your consciousness, as the German did when he wanted to make a correct drawing of an elephant."

"No," she replied, remembering the story, "I will imitate the Englishman; I will go to the elephant's country, and draw from life."

"That is not difficult," Mr. Granger said, amused at the idea of Miss Hamilton studying the Jesuits. "These elephants have jungles the world over. In this city you may find one on Endicott Street, another on Suffolk Street, and a third on Harrison Avenue."

They were just entering the house. Margaret hesitated, and paused in the entry.

"You do not think this a foolish curiosity?" she asked, wistfully. "You see no harm in my wishing to know something more about them?"

Mr. Granger was leaving his hat and gloves on the table. He turned immediately, surprised at the serious manner in which the question was put.

"Surely not!" he said promptly, "I should be very inconsistent if I did."

She stood an instant longer, her face perfectly grave and pale.

"You are afraid?" he asked, smiling.

"No," she replied, hesitatingly, "I don't think that is it. But I have all my life had such a horror of Catholics, and especially of Jesuits, that to resolve even to look at them deliberately seems almost as momentous a step as Cæsar's crossing the Rubicon."

CHAPTER V.

THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.

BOSTON, at the beginning of the war, was not a place to go to sleep in. Massachusetts politics, so long eminent in the senate, had at last taken the field; and that city, which is the brain of the State, effervesced with enthusiasm. Men the least heroic, apparently, showed themselves capable of heroism; and dreamers over the great deeds of others looked up to find that they might themselves be "the hymn the Brahmin sings."

Eager crowds surrounded the bulletin, put out by newspaper offices, or ran to gaze at mustering or departing regiments. Windows filled at the sound of fife and drum; and it seemed that the air was fit to be breathed only when it was full of the flutter of flags.

Ceremony was set aside. Strangers and foes spoke to each other; and the most disdainful lady would smile upon the roughest uniform. From the Protestant pulpit came no more the exhortation to brotherly love, but the trumpet call to arms; and under the wing of the Old South Meeting-house rose a recruiting office, and a rostrum with the motto, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

The Lord of that time was He at the touch of Whose rod the flesh and the loaves were consumed with fire ; Who sent for a sign a drench of dew on the fleece ; at the command of Whose servant all Ephraim shouted and took the waters before the flying Midianites, with the heads of Oreb and of Zeb on their spears.

Of course there was a good deal of froth ; but underneath glowed the pure wine. It is true that many went because the savage instinct hidden in human nature rose from its unseen lair, and fiercely shook itself awake at the scent of blood. But others came from an honest sense of duty, and offered their lives knowing what they did ; and women who loved them said amen. It was a stirring time.

It is not to be supposed that our friends were indifferent to these events. It was a doubtful point with them, indeed, whether they could be content to leave the city that summer. Mr. Southard was decidedly for remaining in town ; and Mr. Granger, though less excited, was inclined to second him. But Mr. Lewis had, early in the spring, engaged a cottage at the sea-side, with the understanding that the whole family were to accompany him there, and he utterly refused to release them from their promise. As if to help his arguments, the weather became intensely hot in June. Finally they consented to go.

"We owe you thanks for your persistence," Mr. Granger said, as they sat together the last evening of their stay in town. "I couldn't stand two months of this."

Aurelia and Margaret sat near by, flushed, smiling, and languid, trying to look cool in their crisp, white dresses.

Miss Hamilton would scarcely be recognised by one who had seen her only three months before. Happiness had done its work, and she was beautiful. Her face had recovered its smooth curves and bloomy whiteness, and her lips were constantly brightening with the smile that was ever ready to come.

Mr. Granger contemplated the two young ladies with a patriarchal admiration. He liked to have beautiful objects in his

sight ; and surely, he thought, no other man in the city could boast of having in his family two such girls as those who now sat opposite him. Besides, what was best, they were friends of his, and regarded him with confidence and affection.

Mrs. Lewis glanced from them to him and back to them, and pouted her lip a little. "He is enough to try the patience of a saint!" she was thinking. "Why doesn't he marry one of those girls like a sensible man? To be sure, it is their fault. They are too friendly and frank with him, the simpletons! There they sit and beam on him with affectionate tranquillity, as if he were their grandfather. I'd like to give 'em a shaking."

Mr. Southard was walking slowly to and fro from the back drawing-room to the front, and he, too, glanced frequently at the sofa where sat the two unconscious beauties. But no smile softened his pale face: it seemed indeed sterner than usual. The war was stirring the minister to the depths.

Mr. Lewis opened a blind near him. A beam of dusty gold came in from the west; he snapped the blind in its face.

"Seems to me it takes the sun a long time to get down," he said, crossly. "I hope that none of your mighty Joshuas has commanded it to stand still."

No one answered. They sat in the sultry gloaming, and listened dreamily to the mingled city noises that came from near and far; the softened roll of a private carriage, like the touch of a gloved hand, after the knuckled grasp of drays and carts; the irritating wheeze of an inexorable hand-organ; and, through all, the shrill cry of the newsboy, the cicada of the city.

The good breeding of the company was shown by the perfect composure of their silence, and the perfect quiescence of their minds, by the fact that their thoughts all drifted in the same direction, each one after its own mode.

Mrs. Lewis was thinking: "Those poor horses! I wish they knew enough to organise a strike, and all run away into the green, shady country."

The husband was saying relentingly to himself : " I declare I do pity the poor fellows who have to work during this infernal weather."

The others were still more in harmony with Mr. Granger when he spoke lowly, half to himself :

" If that beautiful idyl of Ruskin's could be realised ; that country and government where the king should be the father of his people ; where all alike should go to him for help and comfort ; where he should find his glory, not in enlarging his dominion, but in making it more happy and peaceful ! Will such a kingdom ever be, I wonder ? Will such a golden age ever come ? "

Margaret glanced with a swift smile toward Mr. Southard, and saw the twin of her thought in his face. He came and stood with his hand on the arm of her sofa.

" Both you and Mr. Ruskin are unconsciously thinking of the same thing," he said, with some new sweetness in his voice, and brightness in his face. " What you mean can only be the kingdom of God ; and it will come ! it will come ! "

Looking up smilingly at him, Margaret caught a smile in return ; and then, for the first time, she thought that Mr. Southard was beautiful. The cold purity of his face was lighted momentarily by that glow which it needed in order to be attractive.

Aurelia rose, and crossing the room, flung the blinds open. The sun had set, and a slight coolness was creeping up.

" This butchery going on at the South looks as if the kingdom of God were coming with a vengeance," said Mr. Lewis, fanning himself.

" It is coming with a vengeance ! " exclaimed Mr. Southard. " God does not work in sunshine alone. Job saw him in the whirlwind. Massachusetts soldiers have gone out with the Bible as well as the bayonet."

Mr. Lewis contemplated the speaker with an expression of wondering admiration that was a little overdone.

"What *aid* God do before Massachusetts was discovered?" he exclaimed.

"I was surprised to hear, Mr. Granger, that your cousin Sinclair had joined a New York regiment," Mrs. Lewis said, hastily. "Only the day before the steamer sailed in which he had engaged passage some Quixotic whim seized him, and he volunteered. I cannot conceive what induced him."

"I think the uniform was becoming," Mr. Granger said, dryly.

"I pity his wife," pursued the lady, sighing. "Poor Caroline!"

"She has acted like a fool!" Mr. Lewis broke in, angrily. "It was her fault that Sinclair went off. She thorned him perpetually with her exactions. She forgot that lovers are only common folks in a state of evaporation, and that it is in the nature of things that they should get condensed after a time. She wanted him to be for ever picking up her pocket-handkerchief, and writing acrostics on her name. A man can't stand that kind of folderol when he's got to be fifty years old. We begin to develop a taste for common sense when we reach that age."

"He showed no confidence in her," Mrs. Lewis said, with downcast eyes. "He often deceived her, and therefore she always suspected him."

"I think that a man should have no concealments from his wife," said Mr. Southard, emphatically.

"That's just what Samson's wife thought when her husband proposed his little conundrum to the Philistines," commented Mr. Lewis.

Margaret got up and followed Aurelia to the window.

"I am very sorry for Cousin Caroline," said Mr. Granger, in his stateliest manner, rising also, and putting an end to the discussion.

"He is always sorry for anyone who can contrive to appear abused," Mr. Lewis said to Margaret. "If you want to interest him, you must be as unfortunate as you can."

Margaret looked at her friend with eyes to which the quick tears started, and blessed him in her heart.

He was passing at the moment, and, catching the remark, feared lest she might be hurt or embarrassed.

"Don't you want to come out on to the veranda?" he asked, glancing back as he stepped from the long window.

The words were nothing: but they were so steeped in the kindness of the look and tone accompanying them that they seemed to be words of tenderness.

She followed him out into the twilight; the others came too, and they sat looking into the street, saying little, but enjoying the refreshing coolness. Other people were at their windows, or on their steps; and occasionally an acquaintance passing stopped for a word. After a while, G——, the liberator, came along, and leaned on the fence a moment—a man with a ridge over the top of his bald head, that looked as if his backbone did not mean to stop till it had reached his forehead, as probably it did not; a soft-voiced, gently-speaking lion; but Margaret had heard him roar.

"Mr. G——," said Mr. Granger, "here is a lady with two dactyls for a name, Miss Margaret Hamilton. She will add another, and be Miriam, when your people come out through the Red Sea we are making."

"Have your cymbals ready, young prophetess," said the liberator. "The waters are lifting on the right hand and on the left."

The next day they went to the seaside, the ladies going in the morning to set things in order; the gentlemen not permitted to make their appearance till evening.

After a pleasant ride of an hour in the cars, they stepped out at a little way-station, where a carriage was awaiting them. About half-a-mile from this station, on a point of land hidden from it by a strip of thick woods, was their cottage.

The place was quite solitary; not a house in sight landward, though summer cottages nestled all about among the hills,

hidden in wild green nooks. But across the water towns were visible in all directions.

They drove with soundless wheels over a moist, brown road that wound and coiled through the woods. There had been a shower in the night that left everything washed, and the sky cloudless. It was yet scarcely ten o'clock ; and the air, though warm, was fresh and still. The morning sunshine lay across the road, motionless between the motionless dense tree-shadows ; both light and shade so still, so intense, they looked like a pavement of solid gold and amber. If, at intervals, a slight motion woke the woods, less like a breeze than a deep and gentle respiration of nature, and that leaf-and-flower-wrought pavement stirred through each glowing abaciscus, it was as though the solid earth were stirred.

A faint sultry odour began to rise from the pine-tops, and from clumps of sweet-fern that stood in sunny spots ; but the rank, long-stemmed flowers and trailing vines that grew under the trees were yet glistening with the undried shower ; the shaded grass at the roadside was beaded, every blade, with minute sparkles of water ; and here and there a pine-bough was thickly hung with drops that trembled with fulness at the points of its clustered emerald needles, and at a touch came clashing down in a shower that was distinctly heard through the silence.

The birds were taking their forenoon rest ; but, as the carriage rolled lightly past, a fanatical bobolink, who did not seem to have much common sense, but to be brimming over with the most glorious nonsense, swung himself down from some hidden perch, alighted in an utterly impossible manner on a spire of grass, and poured forth such a long-drawn, liquid, impetuous song, that it was a wonder there was anything of him left when it was over.

Three pairs of hands were stretched to arrest the driver's arm ; three smiling, breathless faces listened till the last note, and watched the ecstatic little warbler swim away with an undulating motion as if he had floated on the bubbling waves of his own song.

In a few minutes a turn of the road brought them in sight of the blue, salt water spread out boundlessly, sparkling, and sail-flecked; and presently they drove up at the cottage door.

This was a long, low building, all wings, like a moth; coloured like fungi, of mottled browns and yellows; over-trailed by woodbines and honeysuckles, through which you sometimes only guessed at the windows by the white curtains blowing out.

"Why, it is something that has grown out of the earth!" exclaimed Margaret. "See! the ground is all uneven about the walls as it is about the boles of trees."

This rural domicile faced the east and the sea; and an unfenced lawn sloped down to the beach where the tide was now creeping up with bright ripples chasing each other.

The house was pleasant enough, large and airy; and, after a few hours' work, they had everything in order. Then, tired, happy, and hungry, they sat down to luncheon.

"Isn't it delightful to get rid of men a little while, when you know that they are soon to come again?" drawled Aurelia, sitting with both elbows on the table, and her rich hair a little tumbled.

Margaret glanced at her with a smile of approval. "That sweet creature!" she thought. And said aloud, "You know perfectly well, Aura, that all the time they are gone we are thinking of them and doing something for them. Whom have we been working for to-day but the gentlemen, pray?"

To her surprise, Aurelia's brown eyes dropped, and her beautiful face turned a sudden pink.

After luncheon and a siesta, they dressed and went out on to the lawn to watch for the gentlemen, who presently appeared.

Mr. Granger presented Margaret with a spike of beautiful pink arethusa set in a ring of feathery ferns. "It came from a swamp miles away," he said. "I wanted to bring you something bright the first day."

"You always bring me something bright," she said.

M. A. TINCKER.

(To be continued.)

The Lesson of Landscape.

THE landscape, like our literature, is apt to grow and to get itself formed under too luxurious ideals. This is the evil work of that *little more* which makes its insensible but persistent additions to styles, to the arts, to the ornaments of life—to nature, when unluckily man becomes too explicitly conscious of her beauty, and too deliberate in his arrangement of it. The landscape has need of moderation, of that fast disappearing grace of unconsciousness, and, in short, of a return towards the ascetic temper. The English way of landowning, above all, has made for luxury. Naturally the country is fat. The trees are thick and round—a world of leaves ; the hills are round ; the forms are all blunt ; and the grass is so deep as to have almost the effect of snow in smoothing off all points and curving away all abruptness. England is almost as blunt as a machine-made moulding or a piece of Early Victorian cast-iron work. And on all this we have, of set purpose, improved by our invention of the country park. There all is curves and masses. A little more is added to the greenness and the softness of the forest glade, and for increase of ornament the fat land is devoted to idleness. Not a tree that is not impenetrable, inarticulate. Thick soil below and thick growth above cover up all the bones of the land, which in more delicate countries show brows and hollows resembling those of a fine face after mental experience. 'By a very intelligible paradox, it is only in a landscape made up for beauty that beauty is so ill achieved. Much beauty there must needs be where there are

vegetation and the seasons. But even the seasons, in park scenery, are marred by the *little too much*: too complete a winter, too emphatic a spring, an ostentatious summer, an autumn too demonstrative.

"Seek to have less rather than more." It is a counsel of perfection in "The Imitation of Christ." And here, undoubtedly, is the secret of all that is virile and classic in the art of man, and of all in nature that is most harmonious with that art. Moreover, this is the secret of Italy. How little do the tourists and the poets grasp this latter truth, by the way—and the artists! The legend of Italy is to be gorgeous, and they have her legend by rote. But Italy is slim and all articulate; her most characteristic trees are those that are distinct and distinguished, with lines that suggest the etching-point rather than a brush loaded with paint. Cypresses shaped like flames, tall pines with the abrupt flatness of their tops, thin canes in the brakes, sharp aloes by the roadside, and olives with the delicate acuteness of the leaf—these make keen lines of slender vegetation. And they own the seasons by a gentle confession. Rather than be overpowered by the clamorous proclamation of summer in the English woods, we would follow June to this subtler South: even to the Campagna, where the cycle of the seasons passes within such narrow limitations that insensitive eyes scarcely recognise it. In early spring there is a fresher touch of green on all the spaces of grass, the distances grow less mellow and more radiant; by the coming of May the green has been imperceptibly dimmed again; it blushes with the mingled colours of minute and numberless flowers—a dust of flowers, in lines longer than those of ocean billows. This is the desert blossoming like a rose: not the obvious rose of gardens, but the multitudinous and various flower that gathers once in the year in every hand's-breadth of the wilderness. When June comes the sun has burnt all to leagues of harmonious seed, coloured with a hint of the colour of harvest, which is gradually changed to the lighter

harmonies of winter. All this fine chromatic scale passes within such modest boundaries that it is accused as a monotony. But those who find its modesty delightful may have a still more delicate pleasure in the blooming and blossoming of the sea. The passing from the winter blue to the summer blue, from the cold colour to the colour that has in it the fire of the sun, the kindling of the sapphire of the Mediterranean—the significance of these sea-seasons, so far from the pasture and the harvest, is imperceptible to ordinary senses, as appears from the fact that so few stay to see it all fulfilled. And if the tourist stayed, he would no doubt violate all that is lovely and moderate by the insistence of his descriptions. He would find adjectives for the blue sea, but probably he would refuse to search for words for the white. A white Mediterranean is not in the legend. Nevertheless it blooms, now and then, pale as an opal; the white sea is the flower of the breathless midsummer. And in its clear, silent waters, a few days, in the culmination of the heat, bring forth translucent living creatures, many shaped jelly-fish, coloured like mother-of-pearl.

But without going so far from the landscape of daily life, it is in agricultural Italy that the *little less* makes so undesignedly, and as it were so inevitably, for beauty. The country that is formed for use and purpose only is immeasurably the loveliest. What a lesson in literature! How feelingly it persuades us that all except a very little of the ornament of letters and of life makes the dulness of the world. The tenderness of colour, the beauty of series and perspective, and the variety of surface produced by the small culture of vegetables, are among the charms that come unsought, and that are not to be found by seeking—are never to be achieved if they are sought for their own sake. And another of the delights of the useful laborious land is its vitality. The soil may be thin and dry, but man's life is added to its own. He has embanked the hill to make little platforms

for the growth of wheat in the light shadows of olive leaves. Thanks to the métayer land-tenure, man's heart, as well as his strength, is given to the ground, with his hope and his honour. Louis Blanc's "point of honour of industry" is a conscious impulse—it is not too much to say—with most of the Tuscan *contadini*; but as each effort they make for their master they make also for the bread of their children, it is no wonder that the land they cultivate has a look of life. But in all colour, in all luxury, and in all that gives material for picturesque English, this lovely scenery for food and wine and raiment has that *little less* to which we desire to recall a rhetorical world.

ALICE MEYNELL.

In Ispahan.

○ NE sunny day in Ispahan,
The Persian Yusuf sat and read
With eager eyes, and bent white head,
The world's great tale since time began ;
And turned his old lined face to me,
Who gazed straight out unheeding—
For now the passions of a man
Had grown, and love held stronger sway
(Than aught that lived and passed away)
O'er me that day in Ispahan.

That sunny day in Ispahan,
Afar the burning orb unrolled
'Bove dreaming vales his sheet of gold,
Of red and amber raylets span ;
And every warm flower drooped its head
Asleep, upon its scented bed.
And thro' the happy hush there ran
The sudden crooning of a bird,
That round the tree-tops flashed and whirred—
That sunny day in Ispahan.

That sunny day in Ispahan,
I saw my slender maid go by,
Scarce lifting up the lids that lie
Black-fringed, upon her cheeks so wan ;
And then I mused, " What books can hold

Such love as *her* heart bears untold,
Whose brow the perfumed breezes fan—
 Whose curved red mouth but smiles for me,
 Whose sweet words uttered tremblingly
Make life a dream in Ispahan?"

That sunny day in Ispahan,
 I weighed all science deep and rare,
 Grand poet-songs beyond compare,
And, turning to the lore-worn man,
I cried, "My love holds nature's grace
(Enough for me) within her face.
No tomes that ever yet were read,
Shrine beauty such as that dear head
Shows in its bendings to and fro;
 I'll go to her—she is my star,
 My shadow near, my sun afar,
To guide me thro' all depths of woe."

I rose, and left that wondering man
Still vision-rapt in Ispahan.

ANNA I. JOHNSTON.

The Black Friars of London.

XIV.

THE list of Priors is far from complete. Friar NICHOLAS, the first head of the Convent in Ludgate, is named in 1286, and Friar ROBERT DE NEWMARKET in 1288 and 1295. Thomas de Brighall, chief executor of Sir William de Derneford, commissioned the latter, March 16th, 1279-80, to receive some debts due to the testator. Friar WILLIAM DE PYKERING being at Ghent, with the English Court, in 1297, went to Damme on the King's service. Whilst Prior of London, he received the pensions, in 1305, for the Provincial Chapter at Oxford, and in 1307, for that at London. He withdrew from office in 1309; and took the pension, in 1311, for the Provincial Chapter at Gloucester.

Friar JOHN DE WROTHAM was a person of note, and underwent priorship in one or two houses before 1296, when he received some royal alms for his Brethren of Ipswich. He was attached to the Court, as companion of the King's Confessor, Friar Walter de Winterbourne, for whom and Friar Robert Confessor of Prince Edward, he received, at Castleacre, January 28th, 1296-7, 28s. 7d. for their expenses in bread, beer, fish, and eggs, during the twelve days they were staying at Harewic, whilst the King abode at the manor of William de Fraunk, outside Harewic, and at Waleton and Belasise: and July 13th following, he had 8l. 2s. 5d. for Winterbourne, for his journey, February 8th to April 13th, into Wales, with a royal message to the Countess of Gloucester, and for many other lesser costs. Accompanied by Pykering, he went from Ghent to Damme, and was paid, November 4th, 1297, 4s. for expenses. In the

royal service, he had 26s. 8*d.*, December 28th, 1299, for his journey, with a companion, from Westminster to Oxford, and thence to Berwick-on-Tweed. In 1300, he received royal alms for the Friar-Preachers of Pontefract and Carlisle; and July 3rd, 6s. 8*d.* for Winterbourne and himself, for sewing their cloth. With a companion, he made a pilgrimage to St. Edmund of Canterbury at Pontigny, for which they had a safe-conduct, January 8th, 1300-1; and soon after 36s. for nine ells of cloth to make themselves cappas for the journey. This pilgrimage occupied forty-two days, from January 18th to February 28th; and May 21st, they were paid 8*l.* 16s. 10½*d.* for the costs of themselves and their *garçons* in food, horse-hire, clothing, and customs at Dover and Whitsand (Wissant). In July, he received a royal gift for the Friar-Preachers of Warwick; and in 1303, the alms for London. Friar Walter de Winterbourne was created a Cardinal, February 21st, 1303-4, and Wrotham became his chaplain, and accompanied him abroad, with a safe-conduct of June 15th, and royal letters of recommendation to the Pope, dated the 28th, to Charles, King of Jerusalem, and to several Cardinals. Wrotham received the pension, July 8th, for the Provincial Chapter at Lynn, and afterwards started for Italy with the Cardinal, who reached Perugia, November 28th, where the conclave was assembled for electing a Sovereign Pontiff. After the Cardinal's death, Wrotham was associated with others in an embassy to Pope Clement V., on the termination of which he settled in London, and besides other matters already detailed, received, May 19th, 1306, the pensions for Oxford and Cambridge; January 20th, 1306-7, forty marks for the General Chapter at Strasburg; May 30th, 1307, a writ for the delivery of cloth out of the Wardrobe for his cappa: April 3rd, 1308, witnessed the payment of forty marks for the General Chapter at Padua; and not long after, he was made Prior of London. In 1309, he received the pension for the Provincial Chapter at Cambridge; March 19th, 1309-10, 10*l.*

for the General Chapter at Placenzia ; in 1310, the pensions for Cambridge and the Provincial Chapter at Derby, and some payment or gift to London. In February, 1310-11, he was commissioned to proceed to the Papal Court, with the royal petition that the King's Confessor, Friar John de Lenham, might be created a Cardinal, in place of the deceased Friar Thomas Jorz, and carried with him letters of commendation, dated, the 15th and the 18th, to the Pope and to several Cardinals. Sent again, in 1311, to the Pope at Avignon, on private affairs of the King, he left London, July 10th, and rejoined the King, August 20th, at Berwick-on-Tweed, having performed the journey on horseback, with a fellow Religious and three men ; and he was paid, October 9th, 9*l.* 3*s.* 10½*d.* for the expenses. In 1313, he had the pension for the Provincial Chapter at Northampton, and November 5th, was one of the arbitrators in the wearisome disputes concerning privileges, which raged between the University of Oxford and the Friar-Preachers. He was paid, in 1313-14, February 9th, 18*l.* 10*s.* 1½*d.* for his own and his companion's expenses in travelling on the King's affairs ; in 1314, the pensions for the General and Provincial Chapters held in his own Convent ; and April 18th, 1315, the 20*l.* for the General Chapter at Bologna. He had ceased to be Prior before May 16th, 1319, when he drew the pension for the General Chapter at Cahors. The King wrote to the Pope, June 8th following, asking that Wrotham might be made a Papal Penitentiary, instead of Friar Nicholas Wysbech ; and this request was renewed, April 28th, 1320, and a third time, about August following, when the King supported the nomination by stating that Wrotham was well skilled in the French, Irish, Welsh, and Scotch languages. The Pope granted the request, and Wrotham went to the Papal Court, but returned early in the next year, bringing the process of the sentence pronounced by Cardinal Gaucelm d'Euse in the Scotch affairs. The King wrote letters concerning the wars with Scotland, March 4th, to be delivered to the Pope by Wrotham, who,

moreover, on the 7th, was paid 40s. for his expenses at the Roman Court and carrying the process. But Wrotham did not leave England till the end of the year : by letters of October 21st, 1321, the King thanked the Pope and several of the Cardinals for their kindness to him, begged a continuation of favours, hoped the Pope would excuse his long stay, and recommended him to Robert, King of Sicily. He was associated with three others in credentials, dated December 8th, 11th, 12th, in the same year, to the Pope, Cardinals, and others, in an embassy on the Scotch affairs. Still Penitentiary, Wrotham came into England about the close of the reign of Edward II., on whose deposition he took out a safe-conduct, February 9th, 1326-7, enduring till Midsummer, for returning to the Roman Court ; but being delayed he had fresh letters of protection, July 16th, and resumed his proper office before Michaelmas.

After Wrotham came Friar WILLIAM DE PYKERING again, being Prior when he received the pensions of 20*l.*, July 10th, 1320, for the General Chapter at Rouen, and May 7th, 1321, for that at Florence : in 1325, he drew the pension for the Provincial Chapter at Lincoln. Friar JOHN DE LA MORE received the pensions of 20*l.*, March 17th, 1321-2, April 22nd, 1327, and October 26th, 1331, for the General Chapters at Vienna, Perpignan, and Vittoria in Spain, on the first occasion being mentioned as Prior. Friar JOHN was Prior in 1347. Friar WILLIAM SIWARD, S.T.M., had taught at Oxford, when he was appointed, November 12th, 1376, Confessor to Edward III.; he ceased from the charge, June 21st following, when the King died. Then becoming Prior, he assisted at the Provincial Synod held in 1382, against Wyclif. He was elected Provincial in 1383, and released from the office, April 2nd, 1393. Still in London, he occasionally preached before Richard II., and is last mentioned in 1396. Friar JOHN DEPING preached before the King, in 1389, October 13th, in the Royal Chapel at Eltham, and had a fee of 6*s.* 8*d.*; and December 25th, at Woodstock, and had

20s. He was laureated as S.T.M., and probably about that time was Prior. He preached before the King, October 13th, 1392, at Westminster Abbey; January 5th, at Eltham; and March 18th, 1392-3, at Shene, each time having 20s. The Master-General of the Order, April 6th, 1393, made him visitator of this Convent, to examine into the merits of those to whom the Master had granted favours, and to enforce or withdraw, as appeared to be most suitable. Again he occupied the pulpit before the King, October 13th, 1395, at Havering, and January 5th following at the Priory Church of King's Langley, having on the former occasion 20s., and on the latter 40s. But he was charged with gainsaying some bull or other, holding a deposit in his own hands, neglecting to make duplicate inventories of the Convent goods, and not allowing those assigned to this Convent by the Master-General to remain here: whereupon the Master-General, December 30th, 1395, commissioned Friar William Boscumbe, Prior of Canterbury, to make inquiry, and if, on the testimony of six trustworthy Brethren of this house, the charges were proved in the main, to remove him from office, and send him back to his Convent. The Master-General also ordered that no Brother should be incorporated into this Convent without his leave, and that all who had been Priors or Lectors, and all who had read the Sentences, should be called to audit the accounts of the Convent; the President incurring a *gravior culpa* if he failed to summon them for the purpose. Richard II. granted him, October 24th, 1396, a pension of 40 marks; but, July 11th, 1397, Pope Boniface IX. appointed him to the United Sees of Waterford and Lismore in Ireland; he had restitution of the temporalities, October 14th following, and died February 4th, 1398-9.

Friar THOMAS PALMER occasionally displayed his eloquence before Richard II. and Henry IV. from 1384 to 1403; was Provincial from 1393 to 1396, succeeded Deping in the government of this Convent; and personally received the pensions, December

17th, 1399, for the Provincial Chapter and London, and December 15th, 1401, and September 26th, 1402, for London ; ceasing from office about the end of 1407. His pen was much employed against Wyclif, and for extinguishing the Great Schism. Friar JOHN MONTAGU (friend of John Prophet, Dean of Hereford, afterwards Dean of York, Keeper of the Privy Seal) preached before the King, on Whit Sunday (May 29th), 1384, at Clarendon. He was nominated Prior in 1407, but chiefly on account of old age, and in spite of two friendly letters from Richard Clifford, Bishop of London, urging him to accept the charge, he prevailed on the Provincial to withhold the confirmation of the election. Friar JOHN TILLE, a Court preacher from 1393 to 1403, as Prior, received the pension, May 3rd and July 11th, 1408 ; and also November 15th, 1412. He was Confessor to Henry IV., whom he attended on his death-bed, and was still in London in 1428. Friar JOHN ROKILL was Provincial, and continued afterwards in the Convent of London, for which he drew the pension, April 19th, 1442, December 2nd, 1443, and December 2nd, 1448, being mentioned as Prior on the last occasion. Friar JOHN MERSH received the pension, December 5th, 1446 ; and becoming Prior, for payment of the same, sued the late Sheriff of Salop, in Michaelmas Term, 1455, for 10*l.*, and the late Escheator of Norfolk and Suffolk, in Trinity Term, 1456, for five marks, on tallies. So, too, Friar THOMAS LONDON, Prior in 1464, sued the late Sheriff of Salop, in Michaelmas Term, 1467, for a debt ; and also the men of Bridport, in Trinity Term, 1475, for 113*s.* This Prior and Friar Peter, Prior of Oxford, were empowered, July 2nd, 1474, by the Master-General, in his stead, to confirm or quash the election of the next Provincial ; and the same powers were given to the Priors of Oxford and London, July 12th, 1483. Friar Thomas London had the Master's letters of gracious absolution from the Priorship at his pleasure, December 13th, 1475, provided a vicar was appointed till the confirmation of a new Prior. Friar MORGAN JONES governed the Community

in 1509. After him came Friar JOHN HOWDEN, who had presided over the Convent at Oxford, and was promoted by Adrian VI., June 19th, 1523, to the Bishopric of Sodor. Concerning ROBERT STRODEL and JOHN HILSEY much will hereafter appear.

XV.

Many Religious come into notice, some of whom are mentioned elsewhere. Friar *John de Balsham* obtained for Abraham Ben Josce, a Jew, in 1257, the pardon of a debt of 4s. to the Exchequer. In 1268-9 he was attorney for the Prior of Oxford in the quit-claim of two mills and some meadows by Ranulf le Tayllur and Agnes his wife. And for the Provincial and Friars as a body, he received from the King, October 30th, 1274, a Bible, Book of Sentences, Summa called le Breton, and a Dictionary, which had belonged to Friar Robert de Donewic "bone memorie." He was alive in 1282. Friar *John de Eggesclive* or Eggescliffe, as companion of Friar John of St. Giles, had a safe-conduct, January 28th, 1296-7, for going to the General Chapter at Venice. In 1305, July 27th, he drew the pension of 10*l.* for the Provincial Chapter at Oxford. Whilst he was Papal Penitentiary (he was never titular Bishop of Bethlehem), he was recommended to the Pope by Edward II., May 28th, 1318, for the vacant Archbishopric of Glasgow, but was promoted, July 17th, to the Bishopric of Connor in Ireland. Being translated, June 20th, 1323, to Llandaff, he arrived there from Rome, June 9th, in the following year; and died January 2nd, 1346-7. Friar *John de Beccles*, June 5th, 1310, drew the pension for Oxford. Friar *Nicholas de Wysbech* became Confessor to the Duchess of Brabant, and came into England with a companion, Friar Hugh, at the end of 1299, with a message from the Duke and Duchess to the King of England, who rewarded him with 6*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* for his expenses. To and fro between England and Brabant on State affairs, he carried a message, in May, 1302, to the Duke and Duchess from the Prince of Wales; and in 1303 he came

again to the King, who in April paid him ten marks for his costs, whilst the Prince gave him, on the 11th, 17*l.* for two horses, two saddles, and two cappas on his former journey, and 10*s.* on his now leaving England. At the end of 1304, he carried another message, and for his and his companion's stay in London, till the King arrived, he had, January 19th, a tally for 100*s.* He carried royal letters of January 8th, 1317-18, to John, Duke of Brabant, whom the King asked to send back by him that cross of gold, which, with other jewels, had belonged to Edward I., and was used at the last coronation. On the same day, too, he had credentials to the Pope, a request to the Master-General or to Friar Bernard Guidonis, Procurator-General of the Order, for leave to transact the royal affairs at the Roman Court, and a safe-conduct for the journey. But when he returned, so little pleased was his royal master with his discharge of the embassy, that, February 6th, 1318-19, the Bishop of Hereford and others were despatched, in his place, to the Roman Court; and Edward II. wrote to the Pope, June 8th, that Wysbech had rendered himself unworthy of being Papal Penitentiary, which office had been sought for him. Under this political cloud of royal displeasure, Wysbech disappears from view. Friar *Thomas de Wetwong*, Sub-prior, received, May 2nd, 1301, the 20*l.* for the General Chapter at Cologne, and 4*l.* 8*s.* for the Provincial's and others' expenses at it.

Friar *Nicholas Trivet*, a native of Norfolk, born about 1258, and son of Sir Thomas Trivet, justice-itinerant, was educated among the Friar-Preachers of London, studied at Oxford and Paris, and laureated as D.D. at Oxford, where he became one of the most famous scholastic teachers of his day. Theologian, philosopher, mathematician, historian, poet, and orator, he wrote numerous works and treatises, some of which have been repeatedly printed, and notably his *Annales sex Regum Angliæ*. Friar *Richard de Maurdyn*, or *Matwardyn*, received, in 1306, April 30th, 40*s.* for Friar *John de Castrelade* and Friar *John*

Kenel (both of London) for their journey to the General Chapter at Paris ; in 1311, July 22nd, the pension for Oxford ; and in 1315, the pension for the Provincial Chapter at Winchester. Friar *John de Lenham* was Confessor of the Prince of Wales, in which charge he continued after the Prince had ascended the throne as Edward II. He comes into notice, June 7th, 1301, when he had a loan of 20s. to go to Durham, and await the King there. He and his companion, in January, 1302-3, received 5s. for travelling, by the Prince's leave, from Warnehorne to London. In the Prince's household both of them were provided with food, clothing, and bedding, even to making, washing, and mending. In *August* (?), 1304, Elizabeth, Countess of Hereford, the King's daughter, sent him from Knaresborough to King's Langley, on some affair of her own. He was one of the witnesses, September 29th, 1307, at the Priory of Lenton, when Friar Walter de Jorz renounced those clauses of the bull of his election to the Archbishopric of Armagh, which, as to temporalities, were deemed to be prejudicial to the rights of the Crown. As Confessor of the King, he continued to be supplied with all his needs at Court : six silver spoons were bought for him and his companion, October 24th, 1307, and cost 7s. : a bay horse, purchased for ten marks, July 17th, 1312, was provided for carrying his trappings ; and for him and his companion, 14s. was paid, May 11th, 1313, for two big coffers, "pro victualibus eorundem imponendis et cariandis." In 1310, he had a loan of 20s., November 13th, for journeying from King's Langley to London on the King's affairs ; and early in December was at Berwick-on-Tweed. The King solicited the Pope, February 15th, 1310-11, to create him a Cardinal, in place of Friar Thomas Jorz, deceased, and again urged on His Holiness and some of the Cardinals, July 20th following, that he or some other Englishman should be invested with the vacant purple ; but the nomination was ineffectual. He received, November 9th, 1311, the pension for King's Langley, and July 15th, 1312, that for the Provincial Chapter at Chester ;

retiring into his cloister, about the beginning of October, 1315, with a pension of 40s. a month, which was paid to him, August 30th, 1316, for the last time.

Friar *Richard Lestrangle*, with Wrotham, drew the pensions, in 1314, for the Chapters here ; and for Cambridge, February 24th, 1318-19. Friar *Thomas Dunheved* had 100s., November 2nd, 1323, for going over sea on the King's affairs ; and was employed at Court, especially in the endeavour to obtain the divorce of Edward II. from his termagant Queen ; but fell into such disfavour, that the Royal Council, in the King's name, March 8th, 1325-6, begged the Pope not to receive him as a royal messenger, for, asserting that he was a Papal Chaplain, he had withdrawn himself from the discipline of his Order, and had gone abroad without licence ; at the same time, the Master-General was charged to chastise him for his ill-behaviour. He joined others in raising an armed force, in and about Chester, to replace Edward II. on the throne, and took part in many secret meetings, for which he was one of those who were ordered to be arrested, June 8th, 1327, as disturbers of the peace. With no small number of horse and foot-soldiers, he marched to attack Berkeley Castle ; and another writ was issued, August 1st, for his capture. He and his followers were not aware that Edward II. had been already murdered in that Castle. Dunheved dabbled in magic, and putting too much confidence in that "wicked old father of lies," raised the devil, who showed him the King alive and seated at dinner in a hall. This vision was the great prop of his party, and was one of the causes of the ruin and death of the Earl of Kent, in March, 1329-30. Dunheved, being taken and lodged in Pontefract Castle, headed a desperate mutiny to break out of gaol, and perished miserably in the attempt.

When the Great Plague was raging, in 1350, the Mayor and Aldermen of London petitioned Pope Clement VI. that Friar *John de Worthyn*, Papal Chaplain, and he alone, should be empowered to impart absolution to penitents in reserved cases.

He was a man of honourable and approved manners and living, sprung from high blood of the realm, and he only, of all others, strengthened the people with the Word of Christ. If he died, the Prior of the Black Friars, with the consent of the Mayor, should appoint, in his stead, another of the same Order. Friar *Anselm de Valoignes* was robbed of 24*l.* by one of the King's sergeants-at-arms, William de Cornwaill, who was hanged for the felony, and out of his forfeited goods, full restitution was made, October 5th, 1366, in the Exchequer. Friar *Walter de Neuport* was the companion of the King's Confessor, Friar Richard de Winkley, on whose death, in the wane of the year 1347, he withdrew into his cloister, on an allowance of 40*s.* a year for clothing. This was superseded, January 18th, 1361-2, by a pension of five marks out of the revenues of Devon, the grant being confirmed, March 11th, 1377-8, by Richard II. He received the pension for London often from 1357 to 1369, and that for the Provincial Chapter of the latter year; and is last heard of, April 18th, 1385, when the Sheriff of Devon was ordered to pay him all arrears of pension. Friar *William de Rothwell*, born of a good family, and well educated, entered the Order at London, and became an eminent Doctor of Divinity: from his pen proceeded seventeen works, or treatises, consisting of eleven *Postillæ* on Books of the Old Testament and some of the Pauline Epistles, Sermons, Commentary on the Sentences, Scholastic Questions, and three on philosophical subjects. He flourished about the year 1360.

Friar *Walter Somerton* was ordained Sub-deacon, September 23rd, 1363, in the Diocese of Winchester. Being settled in London, he received the pension for his house, June 23rd, 1375. The Master-General granted him several favours, and, June 1st, 1392, ordered, under severe sentence, that none of the Friars of the Province should hinder him in the use of them. For services rendered to the Holy See, he was made a Papal Chaplain, and was specially exempted, October 15th, 1393, by Boniface IX.

from the ordination which that Pope had made, that all chaplains of the Holy See should live under the obedience of their local superiors. Friar *Roger Dymoke* taught theology in the Dominican school at Oxford, and then was Prior of Boston. Afterwards he became Regent of Studies at London, and whilst he held this charge, wrote his treatise *Contra xii. Errores et Hæreses Lolhardorum* (dedicated to Richard II.), in answer to the appeal which the disciples of Wyclif, in 1395, attached to the doors of the Parliament at Westminster. Friar *Richard Holwey*, or *Holleway*, received the pension of the Convent from December 12th, 1392, to November 6th, 1395.

Friars *John Haber*, *Hugh Piknam*, and *John Crafe* were assigned to this Convent, March 29th, 1390, by the Master-General ; and *Piknam* was again, April 7th, 1393. Friar *Andrew Yakesley*, S. Th. Mag., preached before the King in the Royal Chapel at Shene, on Trinity Sunday (May 29th), 1390, and received 13s. 4d. ; he was assigned as Lector here, July 11th following ; had the approval of the Master-General, December 1st, 1391, of his having gone to him, with leave to visit the Roman Court ; was made Lector again for three years ; and had the same appointment, December 4th, 1392, for two years. Friar *John Fexton*, on account of infirmity, had leave, April 5th, 1392, to have a lay-brother to serve him at will ; could not be removed from his Convent here, or be compelled to any office ; all graces given him were confirmed ; and April 7th, 1393, he was allowed to receive *annualia*, and his graces were again confirmed. To Friar *Hugoline Langele* was granted, April 5th, 1392, that he could not be forced to any office or services ; and all graces hitherto given him by the Provincial were confirmed, and his election by the Convent instituting him the Confessor, with an acceptable companion. Friar *Richard Hunte* was assigned here, April 7th, 1393, with the graces of propounding the Word of God on giving notice to the Prelate ; of enjoying the privileges of Lectors in other small Convents, choosing his own

Confessor, visiting his friends, giving his goods at will within the Order ; not being annoted to any office, except hebdomadary twice a year, not even for festivals, except for honours ; and had leave to visit the Threshold of the Apostles. On the same day were also assigned here, *Friar John Targenyle*, to whom was confirmed the chamber and bed granted by the Convent ; *Friars John Lond, John Garewil, Richard Lamb, and Stephen Vowere* : and to Lamb the assignation was repeated, June 20th, 1397, and he was to be removable only by the Master-General, might receive *annualia*, and was not to be noted on the tabella for the office of hebdomadary. To *Friar N—*, the Master-General, November 22nd, 1393, ratified the concession of a chamber in the dormitory under the image of the Virgin, on the south. To *Friar Henry Maninkdit* were confirmed, the following day, all the graces conceded to him, and especially those under the seal of the Convent. *Friar John Edmuntton* carried letters concerning the eligibility of some Friars to the mastership, to *Friar William Boscumbe*, Prior of Canterbury, December 30th, 1395, from the Master-General, who ordered that he should be defended and protected in his charge, and at the same time assigned him from London to Cambridge, there to read the Sentences. But the secular powers looked with jealousy and mistrust on the emissary of a foreign authority, and a writ was issued, July 3rd following, for arresting and carrying him before the Royal Council. After his examination, a sergeant-at-arms was ordered, July 29th, to deliver him and *Friar John Haket* to *Friar John Deping* and *Friar William Syward* and the Convent of London, there to be kept safely in prison. But he was soon abroad, and had the Master-General's leave, December 20th, to remain at Cologne till the General Chapter assembled at Frankford, and February 5th following he was made Master of the Students at Cologne. In this General Chapter of 1397 he was appointed to read the Sentences at Cambridge ; but, probably, as he could not safely return to England, the Master-General, January 15th, 1397-8, counter-

manded him to Cologne for the same service, and June 24th following allowed him to go to the Roman Court on affairs of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but under a strict injunction that he should not meddle in any matters touching the Order. As for his companion in trouble, Friar *John Haket* was well rewarded "propter incarcerationes" by the Master-General, June 20th, 1397, with the graces of jubilarians: he was abiding in London in 1414, when, April 30th and July 19th, he received the State-pension for his Convent. Friars *John Ranstede*, *William Drantoun*, *John Watforde*, *John Pullim*, *Eudoxius Lenechilde*, and *Robert Kesellokolle*, who had probably been studying abroad, were all assigned, December 30th, 1395, to London, to which they belonged. *Friar Richard London* was ordained priest, May 26th, 1396, in the Bishop of Exeter's Chapel, London. *Friar John Evinthon* was assigned here, June 2nd, 1397, with power of choosing his own Confessor. *Friar John Halewyk*, on the same day, was declared not to have incurred excommunication, by going over sea to the Master-General at Frankford, and was empowered to give away his goods within the Order: on the 7th he was appointed Lector in the Convent of Athenry, Ireland, for three years, and out of respect to the Earl of March was allowed to take one of his Brethren out of any Province who would serve him in the Earl's affairs in or out of England. On June 22nd following, he was assigned to Dunwich as a Conventual, and was, moreover, translated from Ipswich to London, for which he had received the religious habit. There were assigned here, June 20th, 1397, *Friar John Odington*, as a Lector; *Friar John de Prato*; *Friar John Crafft*, in order that he might have access to his father; *Friar John Carworen*, with licence of access to a certain knight; and *Friar John Wite*; whilst *Friar John Herines* was removed from London to Chester: on the 22nd, *Friar John Jangenyle* (probably the same as *Targenile*) was assigned here, and might choose a Confessor, who should absolve him with the authority of the Master-

General. In 1398, *Friar John Harneiss* had confirmed to him, April 15th, the two chambers granted to him by the Friars in this Convent, and he might choose his own Confessor till the next General Chapter: and *Friar Thomas Hardyngham*, October 28th, received the pension for London.

For some political offence, *Friar John Ketylby* was committed by the Privy Council to the custody of the Prior of Oxford; but by a writ of May 8th, 1400, he was sent, in charge of a sergeant-at-arms, to London, and given over into the keeping of the Provincial or Prior here. *Friar William Fulham* received the pension for the Convent, January 17th, 1414-15. Through *Friar Thomas Cheriton* were paid, the pension for London, February and March, 1415-16, December 4th, 1428, March 16th, 1430-1, and October and November, 1434; the pension for *Friar Thomas Waryn*, the King's Confessor, October 6th, 1421; and for the Provincial Chapter, July 14th, 1429, May 23rd, etc., 1430, and July 9th, 1431. He was provided by Pope Eugenius IV., March 5th, 1435-6, to the See of Bangor, received episcopal consecration at London, November 25th, from the Bishop of Winchester, and died at the close of the year 1447. *Friar John Monk* received the pension for London seven times, from June 10th, 1420, to February 11th, 1425-6, and for the Provincial Chapter, July 15th, 1426; *Friar John Pontrill*, for London, May 24th, 1427; *Friar William Darrell*, November 25th following; *Friar John Gage* or *Gawge*, from July 6th, 1456, to May 5th, 1459; *Friar William Birch*, June 9th, 1466; and *Friar Robert Purler*, frequently from November 20th, 1467, to November 11th, 1477.

Friar William de la Hay or *Delhai* had confirmation, June 25th, 1474, of all the graces granted him by the late Master-General, *Friar Martialis Auribellus*, and by General Chapters, and he should still enjoy the suffrages and graces of the Order if he obtained an ecclesiastical benefice. He was transferred, with his goods, July 29th or 30th, 1497, from his Convent to London or King's Langley, if the superiors would receive him,

and June 9th, 1501, to London, if it pleased the greater part of the Religious here. *Friar Nicholas Martin*, July 20th, 1474, had a confirmation of his jubilarian's graces, which had been granted him by the Master-General Martialis. *Friar Thomas Segrave*, a student here, was allowed, December 29th, 1475, to confess at pleasure twice a year, and to wear linen next the skin in times of sickness and travelling. *Friar Nicholas Dryfeld* had licence, May 17th, 1478, to confess plenarily once a year. *Friar Peter Eme* or Hem, S. Th. Mag., was the definator for England in the General Chapter held, in 1477, at Perugia; had, May 20th, faculties for plenary confession, and for absolving those who confessed to him as often as they came; and, May 29th, he had the order that his travelling expenses for the Chapter should be paid by the English Province. In 1491 he was again in the General Chapter at Le Mons, and had, May 29th, a similar order for his travelling expenses, and was empowered to receive plenary absolution four times a year. A formal precept was issued, June 20th, 1493, by the Master-General, forbidding him to trouble or defame his Brethren, or to interfere in their promotions, saying that the Master-General had not such power of conferring honours, which was granted him by the General Chapter. And June 8th, 1503, he had a full remission of all defaults knowingly or ignorantly committed in his monetary accounts with the Procurator of the Order. *Friar John Chyrchgate* had leave, May 10th, 1489, to take the habit of another religion of equal or stricter observance within six months. In 1491, May 29th, *Friar John Pyrs* had leave to abide in any Convent; and *Friar John Londem* was assigned from London to Bishop's Lynn. *Friar Micheas Gerard*, May 12th, 1500, might take an abode outside the Order. *Friar William Miller* was ordained deacon, September 24th, 1502, in the Church of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Smithfield, by the suffragan. *Friar Thomas Cocks* made a pilgrimage to Rome in 1506, and was received at the English College, September 19th,

in formâ pauperum. Friar Robert Thomson was confirmed, August 4th, 1526, by the Master-General, that he might remain at London, "quoad magisterium," provided he obeyed and gave his obedience to the prelates here.

RAYMUND PALMER, O.P.

(To be continued.)

Reviews and Views.

A GREAT newspaper property presents a spectacle not easily beaten in all the record of human enterprise. A combination of the talents—commercial and literary—is requisite for success, to say nothing of the intuition which rightly discovers a field for fresh enterprise, and the courage requisite for the venture. To the genius of Mr. Gibbons the *Lady's Pictorial* owes the place it has made for itself as one of the papers to which advertisers flock—ladies being the largest buyers of advertised things. That the reader has to be attracted as well as the advertiser goes without saying: the two classes complement and abet each other. The ordinary reader sometimes complains that advertisements encroach on the space of his favourite organ. But without those advertisements he could not be supplied with the paper at anything like the nominal price he now pays for it. In this sense the advertiser has become a greater propagator of cheap literature than all the subsidised publication societies in the world. The *Lady's Pictorial* excels all its feminine contemporaries in its illustrations, one of which we reproduce. It represents the Catholic bride of the season, Lady Winefride Feilding, whose marriage to Mr. Gervase Cary-Elwes was celebrated at the Brompton Oratory last month.

LONDON blooms into painted canvas every year more abundantly. A new exhibition opens, or a new room is added, or a dealer institutes another of the by-exhibitions of the season. Art is no longer the one thing that it was ten years



LADY WINEFRIDE CARY-ELWES.

ago, when every Associate was building a house, when every second house in a new quarter displayed the long north window of a studio, and both colonels and curates disappeared from the novels that young artists might take their place. But though the mere fashion, as a passion, has passed, the fruits have remained and are increasing. The places to exhibit in, then and since opened, remain open, and new ones are begun; and though sales are far less glorious than they were, the opportunities for modest selling are multiplied, and the production of pictures has become something enormous. What becomes of matter that, constantly created, is only acquired and not consumed, is an unanswered question. The studios—the famous studios (except one or two) included—reveal something, in the shape of canvases that drew their little crowds at the Academy in their year, and are now standing with their faces to the wall, having yielded up their frames to this year's pictures—their frames and even their very woodwork upon which new canvases are stretched. Still there remain many thousands of paintings every year unaccounted for, and the wonder grows. What is comfortable in the situation is that while a little army of dull painters are very slowly passing out of their most energetic time of life, and so producing less, a considerable host of younger men, formed entirely by the international interchange of the last twelve years, are coming into the first places before the public eye. They have very greatly changed the arts of landscape and portraiture, and this year, particularly, have done excellently in subjects also.

TAKING the leading exhibitions broadly, we find the Academy very fairly open and catholic, despite the marked character of the inevitable given to it by the work of its members; the Grosvenor absolutely without any characteristic whatever—and in this very freedom it should find a new mission, having lost its old one; the New Gallery representing fairly well a more

fastidious (but still eclectic) taste in selection than is to be found elsewhere; the New English Art Club presenting two or three very young movements, impressionism being the chief. The Old Water-colour Society of course represents nothing except old water-colours (the members for the most part belonging to a day of which we have had enough); and the Institute is too little careful, too little distinctive, to be anything else than a simple addition in quantity to the exhibiting grounds of London. For the rest, the galleries do not this year offer the curious contrast of extremes, inasmuch as Mr. Burne Jones does not exhibit. Mr. Strudwick, with one small picture, is the only representative of his school.

IT is now fifteen years since painters in France began in any numbers to realise what was to be gained by painting out-of-door subjects out of doors—the vitality of the light, the diffusion, the unity, the distinction, the security from the stamp of ready-made, or cheap, or dully conventional work. To study the open air is to produce things that will never weary or fail in actual value. Painters who practise this art tell us that if their pictures have vitality, this is not without expense of their own. The living air and the living light are not to be captured by short methods, or at second-hand. Perhaps, indeed, the chief reason why this kind of work is felt at once to present not a truth only but a valuable truth, is that it is all first-hand, hand-made, unique every piece of it, and that the impersonal human machine, which is composed of an aggregate of people resembling and repeating one another, had no part in it. *Plein air*, then, was a gospel that gained upon the world, as other gospels have done, in spite (or because?) of its severities. Art was constrained into that narrow way. From France the idea went abroad. England was slow to take it. Or rather it would be more just to say that England did not take it at all. That is, mature artists in this

country never became conscious of it. But the younger generation, who studied in Paris in the schools, and in Brittany with their French comrades, have now come into their full powers ; and they certainly paint in a tone and with a vividness that make almost everything else in the galleries look dull. Not, assuredly, that there are not qualities quite apart from theirs which have value ; but that the atmosphere and illumination which they study give the inimitable look of vitality. Moreover, we recognise that what the open-air painters aim at is strictly pictorial. Of other schools it may be said that they are less pictorial than literary in their intention, and less pictorial than craftsmanlike in their methods. For instance, Mr. Burne Jones works like a jeweller and invents like a poet. In neither capacity does he take the quite distinctive attitude of the painter. Now, the younger school is altogether painter-like, and deals with things that no other art compasses. It is a rather noteworthy fact that the President of the Royal Academy, whose own ideal is one of nobility of line and of liberal Greek beauty, and who has perhaps little sympathy with the art that is content with the beauty of the accidental world, has not allowed an opportunity to escape him of rebuking the new ways. Even at the Academy banquet, where general compliment is little less than a rule, the presidential speech contained an admonition.

NEVERTHELESS, the Academy—President and Council—have given the younger school generous treatment. The purchase of Mr. Adrian Stokes's landscape and of Mr. Bramley's "Hopeless Dawn" last year, for the Chantrey Bequest, was an honour paid, not to the individual painters only, but to the school they represent. And this year there was at least an attempt to secure Mr. Stanhope Forbes's picture of "The Bride's Health." To be sure, there was a good deal done to counterbalance these favours by the purchase of Mr. Vicat Cole's "Pool of London" last year,

and of Mr. Herkomer's "Chapel of the Charterhouse" in the present Academy, works which vary much in merit as in kind, but which, without impertinence, may be classed as belonging to the older school. For our own part we find that the Academy is made interesting by this new life, new truth, new vigilance and delicacy of observation.

MR. STANHOPE FORBES, in "The Bride's Health," has had the courage to take a scene from the fisherman's life when he puts on broadcloth and white gloves, and when his mate goes gay in mundane fashions indifferently cut. Whatever of grotesqueness there is—and it is unfortunate that the serious occasions of a human being's life and death, his marriage, his burial, should be made grotesque by the trivialities of dress—the painter has kept, but he has sensitively abstained from exaggerating it. Not long ago it was impossible to find a picture on such a theme that did not exaggerate as wilfully and as coarsely as the English stage itself. Mr. Forbes forces the note neither in farce nor in sentiment. His picture is human, sincere, and observant. In his study of the little company seated round this wedding-breakfast table he shows a grasp of character for which his former work had not prepared us. As a colourist he leaves something to be desired, for he inclines to blackishness, and his drawing of hands is not complete. Otherwise his *technique* is as excellent as his intelligence. It takes an open-air painter of his force to render an interior, faintly lighted by its one cottage window, as it is rendered here. Mr. Bramley also makes light the rule and life of his work in "Saved," another interior studied in the same Cornish village of Newlyn. The conflict of two lights—artificial and solar—used to be one of the most vulgar tricks of popular painters whose names we need not put on record here; so that a certain prejudice remains in the mind as to this familiar and beautiful effect. But some years

ago Mr. Sargent showed us its true poetry in the gentle harmony of twilight with Chinese lanterns. And now art that is really distinguished and refined has made this double lighting all its own. Last year Mr. Stanhope Forbes had daylight and lamps in his "Village Philharmonic." Mr. Bramley had day-break and candles in "Hopeless Dawn;" this year the last named artist makes a brilliantly and vividly true study of firelight compared with the chilly light of a grey day breaking in a tempestuous sky, and streaming on the wet floor of the Cornish cottage. The fire itself is hidden from the spectator's eyes, but its light shines from within the stove upon the slender listless form of the Spanish lady as she sits fingering her rosary, a solitary wrecked figure among the English fisher-folk. The picture is brilliantly painted, with great ease and impulse of execution, a mastery that has no self-assertion in it, but a certain consciousness of style in the following of nature. Next comes Mr. Hall, another of the same school, whose snow scene, "Adversity," has received no real justice. It is such true cold daylight that to look at it in the warm glow of a May afternoon at the Academy is like coming into the open air after a *matinée* at a theatre. The tone of the snow, indeed, and its effect upon colour, presented with wonderful power, can hardly be appreciated in a gallery at all. Mr. Chevallier Tayler makes a fine study of Chinese lanterns, and the light they cast upon a concert-platform, singer, and audience in "Home, Sweet Home." Never before has lamplight been painted with such striking effect. The problem of placing the rows of figures in the audience, the walls, the heads raised against the wall to the right, in their delicately various illumination, has been perfectly mastered. This remarkable picture is placed rather high for its importance. And a brilliant example of the new school is Mr. Melton Fisher's "Festa," the interior of a Venetian café, with broad daylight beyond the windows. Not only are the tone and relations wonderfully true, but there are the cleverest

possible character and expression in the faces. Mrs. Adrian Stokes exhibits at the Academy a pathetic picture of a dead child with a little boy weeping by the side of the coffin, a finely painted sunbeam streaming in through the dimmed atmosphere of the room; at the Grosvenor she has a characteristic figure of a ragged child sitting against the light.

IN landscape Mr. Adrian Stokes at the Academy and the New Gallery, and Mr. Clausen at the Grosvenor, give excellent examples of simplicity and completeness and the unity that comes of intelligent truth. Mr. Stokes's Academy picture is a calm sea at dusk, fishing boats sailing out of an inlet of the sea, showing each a light, low in the lingering daylight. Just beyond the smooth water, waves are breaking on the line of a bay. At the New Gallery he has "The Wet West Wind," sheep on sandy soil, under a swift sky shedding fragmentary rain. Mr. East has a lovely early moonrise at the Grosvenor, where Mr. Muhrman exhibits a haycart in grey daylight, a very charming and suggestive passage. The same painter's "Ehrenbreitstein" at the New English Art Club has strange qualities of beauty and imagination. We give this new name welcome, as we do also to a certain number of names evidently Scottish, appearing in the New English and elsewhere. Mr. Arthur Melville, who has a very good portrait of a lady and child at the New Gallery, is, we believe, also a Scot. It is high time that we received something from Scotland more in the movement of contemporary art than the glens and boulders of Mr. Peter Graham, or the scenic castles and blue distances of Mr. MacWhirter. From Edinburgh we have so much vitality in literature that vitality in art was to be expected thence also. The older group have painted up to a kind of national tradition of hardihood and strength. National traditions of this kind are illusive; they lead men to work up to a kind of banal ideal instead of being simply themselves. It is

a national tradition that led American writers for a long time to aim at youth, freshness, and a large scale of things, whereas they were to find, and have since found, their real vocation in things very sensitive, small, and delicate. In the same way the Scottish painters who really have power are beginning to discover that their power is not necessarily of a kind to match their scenery. Moreover, they are wisely persuaded that though national character is valuable, international training is indispensable.

IN treating of most of these newer painters, it is the method and not the subject that excites interest. When, on the other hand, a painter of different aims makes an attempt at subject, we are obliged too often to shut our eyes to his pictorial disqualifications. Mr. Solomon Solomon, for instance, has done less well than was reasonably to be expected of him in his "Sacred and Profane Love." There is a lack of grip, the figures are not secure, the expressions are effeminate and inadequate. But this is outside of our object in these notes—the recording of the *fleur de la farine*, the first oil, the topmost cream, of the galleries. A painter who does compass what she intends in dramatic expressiveness is Lady Butler. "To the Front" is one of her favourite side-scenes of war, the before and after of battle, in which humanity is most apparent and eloquent. Every figure in this little crowd watching a cavalry regiment riding out of the town, should be studied for its character and its drama. The lady who has her children at her side and whom the officer salutes, sobs her farewell with a movement full of feminine French nature, and equally true is the peasant expression of the other women. This is the first time that this artist, who has so complete a hold of masculine character, has exhibited a picture containing female figures. By the way, more than one English painter might be named who has as seldom painted a man. For movement and a quality of drawing that grasps forms strongly, Lady Butler again proves

herself pre-eminent. And successful also in subject and in life and movement is Mr. Kennedy's "Neptune." The "young god of the seas," with his goddess and his child, come riding along on whales and dolphins through a tossing foam.

IN portraits, Mr. Sargent and Mr. Shannon follow the suggestions of Carolus Duran's consummate art; Mr. Oulesse perseveres in putting all his confidence in drawing; Miss Annabel Downes (Grosvenor Gallery) promises admirably; Mr. Logsdail does vivid and thorough work in his Grosvenor portrait of Mr. Frederick Villiers. The Academy rejected a portrait of even higher quality from the same hand.

AMONG painters who have done less important work than usual this year is Mr. Alfred Parsons, though his New Gallery picture—"On Mendip," a field full of daffodils—is consummate; Mr. Edward Stott is unequal in the impressionary school; Mr. David Murray not quite up to his own level, which must be said also of Mr. Wyllie; Mr. Henry Moore is as usual masterly; Mr. John Fullwood triumphs in his shining clouds in "Autumn Glow;" Mr. Arthur Lemon is as usual one of the finest colourists in landscape now painting in England; and Mr. Snell one of the most delicate in his feeling for "the spirit in the woods." Altogether this year seems to have let in more than ever before of the breath of life into our English galleries.

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